

## THE CLASH OF PRINCIPLES IN ANGLICANISM

### I

THE prelates of the Anglican Establishment, in virtue of their office as shepherds of the flock, are constantly uttering, through the press or on the platform or in the pulpit, their religious views. The official gatherings of their Church, their diocesan gazettes, the many books they publish, their place in Parliament, the numerous social committees, which they lead and inspire, furnish them with repeated opportunities of stating what they believe to be the right thing in matters of faith and conduct, and we must own that they are tireless in discharging this part of their functions. To the student of things religious these various utterances are matters of undying interest: to the Catholic their attraction is especially strong, for they exhibit results which his faith tells him to expect—the disaster which follows the conflict of two incompatible ideals—Authority and Self-Guidance—in the search for religious truth. And his permanent impression is one of amazement that the body, in which these two principles are always contending, can retain even the semblance of unity, and can complacently pose as the true Church of Christ. During the many years in which the present writer has studied the official declarations of the Establishment this wonder has deepened, the more so that he knows they emanate from men who are learned and experienced beyond the common and whose zeal for the truth cannot generally be questioned. Lacking any internal principle of cohesion, Anglicanism remains externally united because it is held together by the legal bonds of the State: it is law—the civil law—which gives it its stability. Therefore its Bishops are free to say what they please.

And they do, freely. In their doctrinal utterances they differ from Catholic teachers in two important points, one philosophical and one historical. They do not credit, as Catholics do, the human intellect with the power of reaching and expressing absolute Truth: nor do they accept the Catholic conviction of what Christ meant to do, and did, when He established His Church. Until their philosophy is corrected, until they read history aright, they will continue to exhibit

in speech and writing the strange doctrinal confusion which it is our present business to investigate.

Unless these initial handicaps are kept in mind, the endeavours of these good men to bear witness to the truth may well appear ludicrous, whereas it is very far from our purpose to hold them up to ridicule. Being what they are, they cannot help speaking and writing as they do. Ours, then, is an objective study with the purpose of showing, from the consequences, the inexpediency of pretending to be the Church of Christ without, at the same time, holding or acknowledging the authority which Christ exercised, *i.e.*, the power of deciding without possibility of error the meaning of divine revelation. The commission to teach all things which Christ gave to His Church surely implies the capacity of teaching without error. The only way of evading that implication is to limit the power or the knowledge of Christ Himself—in other words, to deny that He was truly God. No Anglican prelate, as far as we know, has as yet gone to that desperate length, although very many hold theories about the "Kenosis" which might logically lead to it.

The following extracts, which are more or less recent in date, are designed to illustrate the diversity of doctrine prevalent in Anglicanism, which results in many fundamental points of faith and morality being regarded as "open questions." They show, in other words, that the devout Anglican, wishing to know the truth in order that he may act rightly, is told in countless cases that the authorities of his Church hold different and contradictory views, and that, therefore, no single view to the exclusion of the others can be imposed as true upon the conscience: he is left, in short, without guidance. It is asserted, sometimes, that there are limits, but these limits are never accurately defined. A common standard of reference is—"nothing is true which cannot be proved from the Scriptures." But, with all reverence, we may ask—"What cannot be proved from the Scriptures?", or, again, "Who is to decide whether it is proved or not?" This is so obvious, so generally acknowledged, that the inability of the Anglican Church to decide between rival doctrinal theories is elevated into the rank of a "Note," or salient characteristic. Anglicans are actually bidden to be proud of this fundamental defect, which, rightly considered, disproves the claim of their Church to be the Church, founded by Christ on Peter and the Apostles to teach all truth to the whole race. "The glory of the Church of England," says Canon Peter Green,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Church Times*, April 4, 1924.

"is that it requires you to believe the great historic facts of the Christian religion, but as to the interpretations of them and the doctrines in which we formulate what these facts teach, the Church is very, very sparing." And the editor of an "Anglo-Catholic" Review, the *Green Quarterly*, calls this compulsory reticence "a priceless asset" of the Church, whilst Mr. Wilfrid Knox, echoing Canon Green, boldly says of the same Church—"Her comprehensiveness is her glory."

All the same, unconsciously as it were, Anglicanism feels that Comprehensiveness is not a thing to be proud of. Hence the assertion of "limits": hence the frequent committees, commissioned to determine what *are* the limits: sometimes as regards one specific doctrine like the Eucharist: sometimes concerning the whole range of Anglican teaching. Their failure in the past to come to any definite conclusion, the inherent impossibility of having that conclusion definitely accepted, does not prevent fresh commissions being issued. There is a Standing Committee, appointed in 1923 by the two Archbishops, to consider—to quote once more its reference—"the nature and grounds of Christian doctrine with a view to demonstrating the extent of existing agreement within the Church of England and with a view to investigating how far it is possible to remove or diminish existing differences." This committee remains standing, in every sense; no progress is recorded in its annual reports: no progress can indeed be expected, for it represents irreconcileable elements of human opinion: at best, it can but invent another "ambiguous formula" with which to affront the honest seeker after truth. And latterly, undeterred by the failure of the Farnham Conference on the Eucharist in 1900, another committee was set up last month to discover means of reconciling the divergent views about the Eucharist which wrecked the attempt at Prayer Book Revision. These various attempts at unity of doctrine, however futile they may needs be, indicate at least dissatisfaction with the theory of Comprehensiveness, and, further, show Anglicanism to be wholly distinct from the Church of the Apostles. Fancy an ecclesiastical body, some 2,000 years after its supposed institution, still at a loss to say what are its doctrines; able, still less, to claim obedience to its teaching, and compelled to leave fundamental points of revelation "open questions." Let us see how frankly its prelates acknowledge the fact.

A somewhat haphazard sweep of the net through the stream of current ecclesiastical pronouncements brings to hand some

two hundred pages of quotations from Anglican prelates on various religious questions. Obviously only a selection can be given. Regarding this point of comprehensiveness alone, there are over seventy references. For the most part the Bishops admit the manifest fact, and, with more reluctance, approve of it. Here are some representative opinions. The ex-Archbishop of Canterbury makes no secret of his acceptance:

"I am a firm and convinced supporter of the deliberate comprehensiveness of the Church of England." *The Prayer Book: Our Hope and Meaning*, 1928.

Bishop White-Thompson of Ely thinks the New Prayer Book determined the limits of comprehensiveness:

"One great object of the revision is to authorize such variations as are legitimate and to find the limits of comprehensiveness in the Church of England, while fundamental doctrines remain unaltered." *Morning Post*, 7.3.27.

Bishop Nickson of Bristol suggests another criterion:

"As far as I can read its history, [the Church of England] stands for a rational comprehension of all schools of thought, whether they are Catholic or Evangelical or Liberal or, if you like the term, Modernistic. But it is a comprehension which is limited only by that which cannot be harmonized with Scripture and which cannot form a rational synthesis of its various parties." *Western Press*, 2.3.27.

Bishop Woods of Winchester takes refuge in the many-sidedness of Truth:

"The English Church, and therefore the English Prayer Book, holds fast the Truth, but must provide for many angles of vision. Therefore, what you highly approve in the proposals, your neighbour may highly disapprove." *Times*, 2.2.28.

Bishop Donaldson of Salisbury suggests that it is "temperament" that calls for comprehensiveness:

"It is our duty not only to recognize and tolerate fellow Churchmen whose temperament demands methods of worship which do not appeal to us, but we are to try to safeguard the interests of these Churchmen as we safeguard our own, provided only we are loyal to the Church. . . Of course, that means accepting things in the Book which we do not like, but this is a Christian duty which we must not shirk." *Times*, 14.2.28.

Bishop Harmer of Rochester also recurs to "temperament" as a reason for comprehensiveness and would have limits, but

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undefined ones. Note his final lapse into Congregationalism :

" Let us be tolerant, remembering that the Church is composed of human beings widely differing in temperament, whose religious expression cannot fail to be influenced by their temperament. There must be limits; let those limits be as wide as is consistent with the principles of our faith. The moral weightiness of ecclesiastical authority resides in the consent of the believers." *Times*, 22.10.28.

Bishop Pearce of Derby disclaims any monopoly of truth for his or any other party :

" Whatever be our own views of the Eucharist, we must confess that truth is too great a thing for any individual or party to be able to claim a monopoly." *Church Times*, 9.3.28.

Archbishop Lang, now of Canterbury, then of York, maintains that each party has some share of truth which the others lack :

" They must do their utmost to keep all the loyal elements at home within the household of the Mother Church; not merely because they wanted to keep them together, but because they recognized that each of them had something to give for the enrichment of the life of the whole fellowship." *House of Lords*, 12.12.27.

Bishop Strong of Ripon is all for abandoning the Act of Uniformity, as something merely Popish, although originally the very basis of the Establishment, and for making a bold experiment :

" It should be regarded as a sign of strength rather than one of weakness that, in taking away the operation of the Act of Uniformity, which represents the same spirit as Papalism in the Roman Catholic Church, and in creating in its stead an Act of Multiformity, the Church of England is doing something that is new in Christendom." *Guardian*, 18.3.27.

Archbishop Davidson of Canterbury also disclaims uniformity of doctrine and worship as an ideal. The old Prayer Book actually permitted, or, rather, encouraged " Multiformity ":

" The significance of our old Prayer Book never lay merely in the uniformity which it secured. It lay also in the fact that the book was patient of certain varieties of interpretation, and so, in consequence, was capable of being used by loyal Churchmen of different opinions and different outlook. In this it showed its English character. This was the open secret of its power as a bond of unity." Speech in Convocation, March 1927.

Yet Bishop Burge of Oxford is uneasy about this kind of bond, and courageously disavows "varieties of interpretation":

"No visible unity is worth having, indeed it would be shattered in a generation, if it is produced by diplomatic language and is the result of political arrangement. All parties must mean the same thing and know they mean the same thing." *Contemporary Review*, June 1925.

And Bishop Hensley-Henson of Durham foresees the eventual rupture of the Church due to its comprehension of contradictions:

"Prayer Book Revision will probably be shipwrecked on the sunken rock of unacknowledged, but conscious, doctrinal dissidence. The Church of England cannot ultimately embrace contradictions, and nothing else would be involved in the adoption of the Anglo-Catholic platform." *Morning Post*, 24.7.23.

Moreover, apropos of an address by "Anglo-Catholic" pilgrims to the Patriarch of Alexandria, which represented the Anglican Church as practically Catholic in doctrine (June 1924), the Bishop of Durham very fairly asks:

"Can we rightly approach the Protestant Churches with one standard of doctrine and the Eastern Churches with another?" *In Defence of the English Church*, p. 75.

Bishop Headlam of Gloucester is all for comprehensiveness:

"Any theory which ruled out of the Church the great body of Protestant Nonconformists or Continental Protestants must be untrue." *The Church of England*, 2nd edit., 1925, p. 21.

Whilst Bishop Knox, late of Manchester, sees very clearly its dangers:

"Our anxiety is lest the Church of England should make itself responsible for alternative doctrines that are irreconcilable. . . A Church which seems indifferent to inconsistency in doctrines of fundamental importance has forfeited its *raison d'être*." *Contemporary Review*, 1925, p. 414.

Bishop Ingram of London rejoices that his diocese is all things to all men, in a sense:

"I am glad to note an almost entire absence of party spirit in the diocese. If all churches were of the same colour they would not get the people as they did. Thousands would be Dissenters but for the Evangelicals and thousands Roman Catholics but for the Anglo-Catholics." *Morning Post*, 17.6.24.

Bishop Temple of Manchester, now Archbishop of York,

rather thinks that all parties are fundamentally united in a common Modernism,—a most damaging admission:

"The school [of Liberal Churchmanship] seems to me rather to find its place as a leaven of the whole society, permeating the other two, ['Anglo-Catholic' and Evangelical] rather than as a distinct body by itself." *Christ in His Church*, p. 22.

Bishop Gore, late of Oxford, wants comprehensiveness—within limits:

"Toleration has reached the point of extravagance. The world at large, so far as it takes any interest in the Church of England, no longer knows what to make of us. If we are to recover our position as having a vocation in the world to represent a certain type of Christianity we must recover the power to say what is the positive ideal we stand for. . . . But I must add there are limits. . . . Here and now I only wish to make three points:

1) That the Anglican Church—at least in England—is in grievous danger because it can no longer plausibly explain to the world or its own members what it stands for;

2) That it is idle to talk about comprehensiveness, unless you couple with that a sufficiently distinctive and positive conception—which implies limits;

3) That any recognition of limits, if it is to have any practical value, must be impartial, or, in other words, must look in all three directions." *Times*, 19.9.28.

Bishop David of Liverpool, like Bishop Headlam, would like an even wider comprehensiveness:

"I do not see why the Establishment should not be so modified as to be safe, not only for the Church of England but for other Churches too. The result might be a Church not less catholic and more truly national because it would then cover a wider range of the nation's religious folk." *Liverpool Review*, February 1929.

Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, on the other hand, wants the Church to teach definite doctrine—in the Modernist sense—so as to secure real unity:

"My doubts [as to episcopal policy] are strengthened by the conviction that we cannot get any unity worth having within the Church of England unless such unity is based upon sound doctrine. In particular it is of primary importance that the Church should determine whether its sacramental doctrine is to be that of the Reformers or that of the Roman Church. While this decision is in the balance controversy will be acute. Unfortunately such controversy relates to principles so vital that it is impossible to avoid giving offence. . . . The Modernist heirs of evangelical tradition are now in a minority in the English

Church. But we are fully assured that our teaching must prevail if the Church of England is to become once again the Church of the English people." Statement to the Press, 15.7.29.

Bishop Warman of Chelmsford (now of Manchester) believes in living and letting live, since there is a clear clash of principles in the Church, and no one can say which are right:

"Whatever may be our school of thought, do let us remember that, while we have principles of our own, others have principles of their own. There is a very real danger to-day that some church folk may imagine that the convictions of other people are pig-headed prejudices and that their own convictions only are principles." Address to Anglo-Catholic Congress, *Times*, 3.11.28.

Archbishop Temple of York finds consolation in the fact that the Church, in spite of its frequently failing to teach full Christianity, has always been truly national:

"The Church of England, like other Churches, has often failed to be completely Christian, but has never failed to be utterly, completely, provokingly, adorably English. *The Genius of the Church of England* (1928).

These are hardly a third of the authoritative pronouncements at hand on this particular Note of Anglicanism. In the rest there is the same frank acknowledgment of the fact, coupled at times with a nervous shrinking from its implications, but considerations of space forbid any further pursuit of the theme in the present paper. These different officials speak with a certain decision, they are uttering their own convictions, but they are prepared to find them contested. And contested they are with every degree of emphasis, not only by the clergy but also by members of the laity. No prelate of them all can speak more *ex cathedra* than those noble Protestant stalwarts, Lords Brentford and Cushendun, who are always ready, as the latter claimed, "to put the Bishops in their place." It is noticeable that it is the Evangelicals, the direct inheritors of the Elizabethan tradition, who take least kindly to the theory of comprehensiveness: they want their Church to remain what it started by being—Protestant. One might make a catena of assertions by the laity and the inferior clergy which would rival in contradictoriness anything that issues from the Bench, but what we are looking for is the authentic voice of Anglicanism, saying what it stands for. So far the trumpet, trying to combine discordant party calls, has given a decidedly uncertain note.

(*To be continued.*)

JOSEPH KEATING.

## THE TRIUMPH OF MYSTERY

**A** PALE-FACED youth wanders inquisitively along the quays of a busy dock. He stands watching for awhile the cranes lift crates of tropical fruit from the hold of a rusty looking tramp steamer, and then moves on again. Here is timber from Norway, and a little further are chests of tea from the Orient. Passing on, his eyes catch sight of a vessel clearing the dock gates under the persuasive power of a fussy tug. He watches her thread her way through the shipping anchored in the open waters, wondering whither she is bound. A man with sun-burnt face and a gold-laced cap tilted sideways slouches by him, not unenvied. The sights and, perhaps even more, the varied smells of dockland have stirred the wander-lust in his blood. If only he, too, might sail and sail till strange lands rimmed the horizon and the anchor dropped in waters known only through the magic mist of imaginary adventure!

The day comes at last when his dream is realized. But the disclosures of the hazy distance through which he had looked out upon the world prove disappointingly unlike that which the story-books had led him to expect. The real land of romance, it would seem, lay thousands of miles away, in the little room he had left behind, where a few tattered books held the secret of enchantment. To remain a romanticist one must stay at home. So at least he reflects.

I know of no figure which so aptly typifies the mood of our disenchanted generation as that of this youth. The war which it has carried on against mystery, the storming of those high-perched citadels wherein abide the challenging secrets of the universe, has been highly successful. As knowledge extended and experience widened, however, the world has lost its charm. The victors in this attack on the unknown find themselves in the position of Napoleon in Moscow. They have penetrated into the enemy-territory but only to find it a bleak and inhospitable region which threatens them with spiritual famine. The more they seem to understand life the less does it seem worth living. The choice left them apparently is that between a prudish obscurantism, in which illusions may be safely cherished, and the dreary knowledge of a universal commonplaceness.

It is surely thus that they must feel who, starting from the

rationalist position, sought to explain in naturalistic terms every phenomenon of religion. That episode in history when a Jewish Peasant announced the coming of the Kingdom of God, must contain, they said, some element of truth worth discovering. To discover it, they dispersed the glamour that lay upon the Galilean hills and found, for their reward, only one of the world's many moral teachers. With the dispersal of the mists vanished somehow that which had seemed to make the investigation worth while. Christianity denuded of the supernatural proved so uninteresting that one wondered what all the bother was about.

So, too, the eager enquirers into the psychology of religion, allured by the exciting experiences of saints and mystics, set themselves to bring this novel field of research under the dominion of recognizable psychology. But the more scientific became their understanding of the phenomena, the further off did they seem from any personal experience of the "states" investigated. The more clearly they could explain conversions, the less likely were they either to be converted themselves or to convert others. Visions might be possible under certain conditions, but the one class of people who never had visions were precisely those who knew most concerning the mechanism of the matter.

The necromancers are no exception to this law. It must have been a sore disappointment when, having, as they supposed, bridged the awful gulf between the living and the dead, these Columbuses of the World Beyond found themselves confronted with puerile intelligences and their trivial gossip. The after-life could once provoke to its grandest flights the imagination of a Dante. For those whose "knowledge" of it is derived from Spiritualism, it has become to-day as dull and futile as a Bloomsbury boarding-house.

When we come to sum up the effect upon the quality of life generally of the discoveries due to physical science, we find ourselves with but a meagre balance to the good. It seems, indeed, generally conceded that the anticipations of the Victorians have not been fulfilled. Those hectic days in the latter half of the last century when we were led to suppose that physical science would soon give us a religion that would make us completely independent of any supernatural revelation have not many representatives among leading scientists of the present time. A few stragglers like Bishop Barnes repeat the old phrases, but the glowing faith of that far-off day

has gone. By a strange nemesis the sceptical mood has discredited even these early prophets of modern scepticism. Thus Professor Krutch, writing in *The Atlantic Monthly* (March, 1928) on "Disillusion with the Laboratory," has to confess:

"We are disillusioned with the laboratory, not because we have lost faith in the truth of its findings, but because we have lost faith in the power of those findings to help us as generally as we had once hoped they might help."

In another passage the same writer acknowledges "that we have not won a newer and more joyous acceptance of the universe, and we have come to realize that the more we learn of the laws of that universe—in which we constitute a strange incongruity—the less we shall feel at home in it."

But it is when we deal with the findings of actual experience in the sphere of social relationships that we come upon the saddest evidences of disillusionment. Feudalism, for those who lived under it, was something more than a convenient arrangement. There was a mystic element in it. An inherent superiority separated the ruler from the ruled. It is this mystic element which exasperates modern democracy.

Passionately has the mystery which hedged about those of noble birth been attacked and the truth proclaimed that we are all of the same flesh and blood. But, whatever great principle may lie in this, it can scarcely be claimed that our democratic ideals in actual practice have improved the quality of our social relationships. We rub shoulders with aristocracy in all departments of life, while the publicity to which we subject those who have won fame or notoriety has robbed them of the privacy which fostered the sense of a vital distinction between them and the rest of us. But the loss of the barriers and reticences which characterized social intercourse in the past has meant not so much an increase of comradeship as a decrease of respect. The bridging of differences between the classes has abolished much arrogance and servility, but it has also destroyed the opportunity for chivalry.

The spirit which made war on the mystery of birth and rank has been equally aggressive in tearing down the mystery of sex, and with even more deplorable results. The mystery of womanhood, that which has inspired so many poets and romancers, provokes us no less than the secrets of biology. The shadows within this temple are viewed as lurking enemies to be dragged out into the daylight and inquisitorially

examined. Shyness is banished in the name of Common Sense, and in the name of Comradeship familiarity takes the place of the reserve which once guarded this intimate domain. If, in some respects, the outcome has been a healthier atmosphere, what disillusionment on the whole the change has brought! Let Professor Krutch again bear witness. Writing in the same magazine as that from which I quoted previously, on "Love—or the Life and Death of a Value" (August, 1928), he declared:

"When the consequences of love were made less momentous, then love itself became less momentous, too, and we have discovered that the now-lifted veil of mystery was that which made it potentially important as well as potentially terrible. Sex, we learned, was not so awesome as once we had thought; God does not care so much about it as we had formerly been led to suppose; but neither, as a result, do we. Love is becoming gradually so accessible, so unmysterious, and so free that its value is trivial."

This survey would seem to lead to the conclusion that there is an abiding antagonism between mystery and knowledge, between the poetry and romance of life and actual experience. One pictures a dwindling area holding inviolate a few surviving secrets, but gradually succumbing to the beleaguered forces of inquisition until the victory of the attackers is complete. Mystery triumphs only in the barrenness of the victory she yields her foe. The cheers of the conquering host die away when they realize that that for which they fought was not worth the winning.

But this is not a full account of the matter. We cannot believe that we are driven to choose between the alternatives of obscurantism and an arid secularism. Nor are we. An examination of the motives behind what I have termed "the war on mystery" will make the position clearer and enable us to reconcile the thirst for knowledge with that which the modern mind too often takes to be its enemy.

The intellectual and social movements, the results of which we have been estimating, are prompted by man's desire to assert his mastery over the universe. Shadows indicate unconquered territory. Knowledge is itself a kind of conquest. A sense of possession attaches to the star which has been charted, the microbe that has been brought under the microscope. And even the genius whom we have seen in his pyjamas ceases to be the incalculable and alien being he was

before. The war on mystery, waged from this point of view, is a war on fear. It aims at sweeping away all that menaces our human dominion, all that is not under our control. In the nature of things such a movement must seek to minimize the area of the supernatural, either driving it into some negligible corner where it will be practically impotent, or denying it any rights whatsoever. The ideal is a universe explored and tabulated from the furthest bound of the stellar heavens to the smallest unit of the evasive thing we call matter. In such a universe there is no room for God, and His overthrow removes the last and most dangerous threat to the supremacy and security of man. There can be no compromise. It is a duel to the death, we shall be told, between light and darkness. So long as anything remains that has not been fully rationalized the human kingdom is not safe.

But suppose we start from the opposite point of view! Tennyson wrote:

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell.

If we begin with that reverence of which the poet speaks we may find that it is not only consistent with a widening of knowledge and experience, as he suggests, but is even the condition of such a widening. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

With the acceptance of the supernatural and the worship of God as our Creator, we are given the clue that will unravel the creation, and the desire to know and love Him as revealed in Nature and man supplies the strongest incentive to extend the mind's boundaries. It is not asserted that the scientist working from a non-religious basis is unable to acquire a correct objective idea of the physical universe, but, deprived of the clue which Faith gives, he will find it, as has been said, but an unsatisfying knowledge. Moreover, he will miss all those intangible values which cannot be weighed in his scales or seen through his lenses. Above all, he will miss the purpose. He will be like one who should take correct measurements of the portico to some cathedral yet understand nothing of the building to which it was the entrance. Beginning with reverence, we find no limit set to our exploration of the cosmos. All that is consistent with that reverence is permissible, and as we grow in reverence so shall we grow both in the desire and the ability to track the Creator down the vistas of His creation.

In a rightly ordered mind science begins with worship. In place of that elusive religion which is to be built on science, it is fitting that we reverse the position and establish our systematized knowledge of the universe on a personal and intimate knowledge of its Creator and an awesome appreciation of His unfathomable mystery.

And if that is true of things inanimate, it is still more so of our fellows. The approach to men lies through God. It is He who gives us the clue to much about them which otherwise would baffle us. The Christian revelation sheds a flood of light on our psychological problems. It is only from the standpoint of that revelation that the meaning of history can be grasped. As children of God, the sons of men reveal a grandeur and loveliness which draws us to them in closer and closer intimacy. In the light of our common origin in God, social and sex differences vanish. "In Christ," wrote St. Paul, "is neither bond nor slave, male nor female." That passes beyond anything demanded by political democracy.

No disillusionment awaits those who make this their starting-point for an investigation of the world in which they live and the basis of their relations with their fellows. The sources of wonder and interest prove inexhaustible. Glory succeeds to glory. Reverent Love takes us by the hand and leads us, unwearied pilgrims, along an endless path. The infiniteness of our quest is equalled by the eternal youthfulness with which our minds seek out further occasions for glorifying our Heavenly Father. Baptized in the Holy Spirit, the relationships into which we enter with our kind remain unstaled through long years. It is lust that grows old and weary. Love, fed from mystic sources, is perennially renewed.

And let it be added that we who advance upon the knowable world from this point, we, too, have our conflict with the shadows which obscure the scene. It is not rationalism which is the real enemy of superstition but religion. Rationalism but sweeps and garnishes the house, leaving it empty for all the foul brood that impure imaginations have created. The final triumph of mystery will be seen when the light of heaven scares from their hiding-places in the nooks and crannies of the mind the diabolic fetishes before which man, lacking the fear of God, has trembled in servile terror.

STANLEY B. JAMES.

## THE SATIRE OF SHAKESPEARE

### I

**A**MONGST the correspondence which arose in connection with the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon as to whether the stage should be constructed on modern or on Elizabethan lines, an article appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* in which the writer pungently remarked that, however much you may try to reproduce the physical aspects of Shakespeare's day, you cannot Elizabethanize your modern audience. This psychological fact is indisputable. May it not also be the reason why much that is contained in Shakespeare's plays fails "to get over the foot-lights" in the twentieth century?

Probably it will be found that, when Shakespeare appears "dry" to the modern literary palate, it is Shakespeare-as-satirist; for here he touches more often than not on manners and modes which have had their day. For instance, he is never weary of tilting at the "Italianate Englishman" of his time—his cosmopolitanism in dress, his euphuistic affectations of speech, his vogue for the new fence; and so on. Let us take the last instance, the new fence.

The late Mr. Egerton Castle, in an article which appeared in *The Cornhill* for May 1904 on "Swordsmanship Considered Historically And As A Sport," points out that "the first cultivation of refined cunning in fence dates from that period which corresponds chronologically with the general disuse of armour, both in battle and in more personal fights." He tells us that Germany was the "cradle of systematic swordsmanship," but that the Italians "were the first to perceive . . . the superior capabilities for elegant slaughter possessed by the point as compared with the edge." Instead of the old broad-sword and the two-handled long-sword beloved of their sturdy forefathers, the rapier came, *via* Italy, to be the fashionable weapon of the Elizabethan gallants. But the old sword-and-buckler play held its own among the people as the national game of the sixteenth century. To turn to our Shakespeare:

*Justice Shallow* : Tut : sir : I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stocadoes, and I know not what : 'tis the heart, master Page ; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long-sword, I would have made you tall fellows skip like rats.

Now with the broad-sword and long-sword the object was to deliver "cuts," but with the long and slender Italian rapier came in "the lunge" and "thrust." Moreover, the long Elizabethan rapier was too heavy for quick parries of the blade, so a lunge or thrust was avoided rather by ducking, or jumping aside, or by being beaten aside with a dagger in the left hand. To quote again Mr Egerton Castle : "the chief characteristic of Elizabethan sword-play . . . was the concerted action of the left hand parrying while the right delivers the attack." Now mark Benvolio's description of Mercutio's duel with Tybalt :

    . . . . he tilts

With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;  
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
 Retorts it. . . .

Mr. Egerton Castle tells us the names of the body movements to be used in the new sword-play : the *incartata*, viz., the leap aside; the *passado*, viz., passing one foot in front of the other whilst delivering the attack; the *botta lunga* or lunge; the *caricado*—a far-reaching combination of the two. There were six sword movements according to the system : *stocata*, a thrust delivered with nails upwards; *imbrocata*, with nails down; *punta reversa*, any *thrust* delivered from the left side of the body; *mandrito*, a *cut* from the right; *rinverso*, one from the left; *stramazzone*, a right down blow with the point of the sword.

Now let us turn again to our Shakespeare :

*Benvolio* : Why, what is Tybalt ?

*Mercutio* : More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion ; rests me his *minim* rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom : the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist ; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause : ah, the immortal *passado* ! the *punto reverso* ! the *hay* !

*Benvolio* : The what ?

*Mercutio* : The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents . . . O, their *bons*, their *bons* !

And later, when the duel between them ends fatally for brave Mercutio :

*Mercutio* : O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !  
(draws) *Alla stoccata* carries it away.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ? . . .

Come, sir, your *passado*.

I am peppered, I warrant you for this world :—a plague o' both your houses ! Zounds ! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic ! . . .

To "scratch a man to death"—there's the sting of it ! And, "fights by the book of arithmetic"—no ironical phrase but sober truth, as we shall see.

Towards the beginning of the seventeenth century a school of fencing peculiar to Spain enjoyed a brief vogue in England : it was extremely scientific and was remarkable for dexterity. Here is Mr. Egerton Castle's description of the system : "Spanish masters instructed their scholars on mathematical lines, with the help of diagrams drawn on the floor within a circle, the radius of which bore certain cryptic proportions to length of human arms and Spanish swords. The circle was inscribed in squares, and intersected by sundry chords but bearing occult but incontrovertible relations to probabilities of strokes and parries. The scholar was to step from certain intersections to certain others. If this stepping was correctly done, the result was a foregone victory ; if not—a veil had better be drawn over the rest of the story." I am afraid Mercutio was a thoroughgoing Briton under his Veronese finery !

Have not Touchstone's wordy lines a new meaning now ?—

*Touchstone* : O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ; as you have books for good manners : I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous ; the second, the Quip modest ; the third, the Reply churlish ; the fourth, the Reproof valiant ; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome ; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct : and you may avoid that too, with an "if" . . .

One can almost hear the appreciative chuckles and the final roar of applause.

## II

Nothing carries date so mercilessly as fashions of speech ; indeed, no great lapse of time is needed to render such social affectations almost unintelligible. Our twentieth century sense of humour is more severely tried, perhaps, by Shakespeare's satire in this connection than in any other ; and yet, once grasp what he is tilting at, what a wonderful business he makes of it ! Take his Don Adriano de Armado in "Love's Labour's Lost" : how the courtiers must have squirmed and the groundlings laughed at the sublimated euphuism of his speeches ! When in his novel Master John Lyly set the fashion through the person of his hero, Euphues, he never intended a foolish generation to ride his conceit to death. Happily, Shakespeare was there to avenge him. Let us listen to him doing it :

*King of Navarre :* Our court, you know, is haunted  
 With a refined traveller of Spain ;  
 A man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
 That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;  
 One whom the music of his own vain tongue  
 Doth ravish like enchanting harmony . . . .

And sure enough, in a very few minutes a letter from de Armado is put into the King's hand which he reads aloud to his courtiers :

"Great deputy, the welkin's vice-regent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air ; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when ? About the sixth hour : when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper ; so much for the time when. Now for the ground which ; which, I mean, I walked upon ; it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where ; where, I mean, I did encounter that most obscene and preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest : but to the place, where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden : there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth, that unlettered, small-knowing soul, that shallow vessel, which as I remember, hight Costard, sorted and con-

sorted, contrary to thy established and proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith, with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female : or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain), I keep her as a vessel of thy lord's fury ; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty—Don Adriano de Armado."

What fantastical nonsense, however fashionable, could survive such castigation as that ? And not content with whipping the vice out of the proficient, he whips the vain disciples in advance who would practise the cult. When Viola in "Twelfth Night" begins her humorously pretty oratory to Olivia, it is into the mouth of an egregious ass that he puts the running commentary of admiration :

*Viola* : Most excellent, accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you !

*Aguecheek* : That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odours !" Well.

*Viola* : My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

*Aguecheek* : "Odours"—"pregnant"—and "vouchsafed." I'll get 'em all three all ready.

And with greater subtlety and even deadlier effect he makes Hamlet draw Osric on to an unconscious exhibition of folly, answering him in the same key with incomparable irony as though he would show the world how easily the meretricious trick is done :

*Osric* : Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes ; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing : indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry : for you shall find in him the continent of what a gentleman would see.

*Hamlet* : Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you :—though, I know, to divide him inventorially,

would dizzy the arithmetic of memory : and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article ; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror ; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

(How delicious, this !)

*Osric* : The King, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses : against the which he hath imposed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poinards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so : three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

*Hamlet* : What call you the carriages ?

*Horatio* : I knew you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

*Osric* : The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

*Hamlet* : The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we would carry cannon by our sides : I would it might be hangers till then. But on : six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and their liberal-conceited carriages ; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this imposed, as you call it ?

And then, Osric's further explanation given, and Hamlet having accepted the challenge :—

*Osric* : Shall I deliver you so ?

*Hamlet* : To this effect, sir, after what flourish you will.

### III.

Rhodomontade—beloved of the pre-Shakespearean dramatists—is yet another target for the rapier-play of Shakespeare's satiric wit. He gives us a vivid pen-picture of it in his advice to the players :

*Hamlet* : Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. . . O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise : I would have such a fellow

whipped for o'erdoing Termagant, it out-herods Herod :  
pray you, avoid it.

Once we realize that Pistol was an inveterate playgoer and that his conversation is impregnated with the theatrical verbiage of his day, how amusing he is—and how the laughter he raised must have re-acted on the bombastic drama of his time. Nothing kills like ridicule !

Cambyses, Herod, Termagant ; stock, ranting heroes of the age ; dethroned for ever by Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Richard the Second, Henry the Fifth and their fellows ! But let us watch Shakespeare at work ; here is a choice little nosegay of Ancient Pistol's culling from the Bank-side play-houses :

O, braggart vile and damnéd furious wight !  
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near ;  
Therefore exhale . . .

Exactly. Fee-fi-fo-fum !

Then when he comes to beg Fluellen to intercede with the Duke of Exeter for his boon-companion Bardolph :

Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,  
And of buxom valour, hath by cruel fate,  
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind  
That stands upon the rolling, restless stone . . .

*Fluellen* : By your patience, Auncient Pistol, . . .

*Pistol* : Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him ;

For he hath stolen a pax, and hang'd must a' be :  
A damnéd death.

Let gallows gape for dog ; let man go free  
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate :  
But Exeter hath given doom of death  
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak ; the duke will hear thy voice :  
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach :  
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Read without the key to it, this may well seem tedious stuff, and poor enough at that—but, as burlesque, how apt !

In yet another place Shakespeare uses the trick with biting irony and of set purpose ; he dares, actually dares, *to make*

*Hamlet rant.* So, only, can he "out-herod Herod," Laertes' grief for Ophelia's death :

*Hamlet :*

What is he whose grief  
 Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow  
 Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand  
 Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,  
 Hamlet the Dane. . . .

I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers  
 Could not, with all their quantity of love  
 Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?  
 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:  
 Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear  
 thyself?

Woo't drink up Eisel? eat a crocodile?  
 I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?  
 To outface me with leaping in her grave?  
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I.  
 And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
 Millions of acres on us; till our ground,  
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
 Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,  
 I'll rant as well as thou.

That the rant is deliberately assumed is evident, for in the next breath, as it were, he is addressing Laertes with utter calm :

Hear you, sir;  
 What is the reason that you use me thus?  
 I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;  
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
 The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

Thus did Shakespeare kill ranting—with rant. He taught his generation that the heartstrings can be wrung with a half-whisper, a sigh; and when he uses words every letter aches.

W. DOLAN.

## THE RHYTHM OF BLANK VERSE

POETRY ought to be enjoyed, but unfortunately the beginnings of a taste for it are too often stifled by the atmosphere of the school-room. That necessary evil, the practice of "scanning," invests it with a garment of irksomeness. It is felt, not as something akin to music, but rather as a sort of literary oakum, specially invented for schoolboys to pick. The burden of boredom is increased by a host of technical terms, and so, as soon as school is over, poor Poetry is relegated to the lumber-room of school furniture. With no pretence to scholarship, this article would venture to suggest some points about verse, and particularly blank verse, which may help at least in the direction of encouraging the treatment of the "musical" side of poetry; it may even assist in lessening the burden caused by technical language, but it cannot hope to explain very simply a thing which, of its own nature, is very complex,—the Rhythm of Blank Verse.

Part of the difficulty of explaining English poetical rhythm arises from habits formed by Classical training. We are accustomed to the idea of scanning Latin and Greek verse; that is, we know beforehand that there will be a more or less predetermined order of long and short syllables in a line and we read the line, noting how this pattern has been carried out. As a result of our ignorance of classical intonation, combined with our own natural habits of speech, we tend to treat classical verse, when we read it, as if a long syllable were a stressed syllable, and a short an unstressed. That is bad enough, but worse—we invert the process when we deal with English versification. We expect it to conform to the classical rules, as if stress and quantity were the same thing. This is beginning a large question and has two stultifying effects: it prevents us from seeking the *rhythm* of classical verse, and it closes our ears to *quantity* in English verse. We all know the famous dedicatory hexameter: "Last but not least, to my wife, for her help in compiling the index." But it is not a hexameter, unless obviously long syllables are shortened and "index" made a spondee, which it is not. Both classical verse and English verse are products of human speech: it is, therefore, certain that they will be found to be ultimately compounded of the same elements; in particular, each contains both quantity and stress, or something corresponding to it. Because we know so little about this "something," that is

no reason why we should say glibly that classical verse is "quantitative" and English verse "stressed," and proceed to treat them so. Before we finish we hope to show that no such clear division is possible, and that we must study the relations between these two chief elements in both kinds of verse if we are to appreciate the rhythm of English verse.

Language, which is the material basis of poetry, is made up of four chief elements,—quality, quantity, intonation and stress. With quality, which means the sound-difference between various vowels and consonants, and intonation, *i.e.*, that manipulation of the voice which gives "feeling" or "expression," we have no concern here. By stress is meant the amount of pressure or energy—breath-impulse, in fact—with which a sound is produced. As a matter of fact, stress and intonation are closely allied, for an increase of stress does both mechanically and psychologically result in a heightening of pitch—as everyone is aware who has listened to a backyard altercation. There are some who say that Greek accents indicated pitch; if that is so, they may have indicated the Greek equivalent of our emphasis or stress. Whether they did or not, there must have been some rhythm of intonation in Greek and Latin verse, unless we are to suppose that the Ancients enjoyed listening to a monotonous droning, and this rhythm was not the same thing as quantity. Quantity is an idea familiar to most of us who have read classical verse; the important thing about it as regards English is that it is due either to the length of time spent in pronouncing a long vowel as opposed to a short, or to the pause made by altering the muscles from forming one sort of consonant, or group of consonants, to forming another sort. It is in the relations of these two elements of quantity and stress (or whatever corresponded to it in the classics) that we are to seek the essential difference between the two types of verse.

Verse may be briefly described as "patternized language." This is not the place to discuss why emotional language—the sort of language that aims at influencing the emotions—should tend to become patternized; it does so, and the fact is illustrated in a thousand ways from the prayers in the Mass and the poetry of all nations, to the incantations of a witch-doctor and the crooning of a nurse. Verse differs from prose because there is something in it which recurs and is expected by the ear. The question is, what? If an imaginary gradation were imagined, at one end of which stood song, or words set to music, and at the other common speech, or words governed

mainly by accent or intonation, both English verse and classical verse would be found between the extremes; but classical verse would be nearer song, and English verse nearer speech. There lies the root of the difference between them. Each has its own share both of quantity and of stress (or the something corresponding to it); each has something that recurs and forms a pattern of sound; but in classical verse it is the quantity that forms the pattern, in English it is the recurrence of beat or stress. The classical ear listened for the changing length of syllable; the English ear listens for the rise and fall of emphasis or pressure. In classic verse the element of emphasis or intonation was super-imposed by the voice on or above the basic pattern of quantity, which was the thread the ear held on to. In English verse it is the element of intonation which is patternized, and is what the ear holds on to, while the element of quantity is super-imposed on that; sometimes it comes in as assisting, sometimes as deliberately hindering, the movement of the rhythm. In this reversal of the relations between quantity and stress lies the essential difference between the verse of Sanskrit, Greek and the Latin of culture on the one hand, and the Teutonic languages in general on the other. It seems probable that popular Latin preferred stress-verse: the "new metres" which came into English in the thirteenth century and were developed particularly by Chaucer, owe their remote origin to the hymns of the Church which were mainly stress-verse. Perhaps no dogmatic answer can be given to the question why there should be this difference between the two kinds of verse. It might be thought due to lack of sensibility to quantitative values in the case of the northern nations, or perhaps to the loss of word-inflections which makes difficult the changes in word-order quantitative verse demands; but no, stress-verse is older than loss of inflection, older even than English slurring of speech. Possibly it was because the Greeks had developed music while the Barbarians were content to accompany the minstrel by stamping on the floor or thumping on the table. Or it might as reasonably be put down to the fact that just because the northerner amid his cold and fogs prefers keeping his hands in his pockets to gesticulating with them, he tends to gesticulate more with his tongue. In other words, we may as well invent a fantastical explanation since we have no explanation at all. It is just a given fact. We must recognize the difference, but beware of the excessive simplification which reduces one kind of verse to quantity only and the other to stress only.

The second point with which this article is concerned is the paradoxical irregularity of blank verse, and indeed, of much other English verse as well. It is the inner law of verse that it should have a recurrent pattern, but the finest blank verse shows a certain intractability to this. Why? One has only to think of the fascination of counterpoint in music, the pleasure of variety combined with recognized pattern, to see in general why. In particular, blank verse displays this quality of variation because it is the measure which English taste has preferred to use in long poems, narrative, epic or dramatic; perhaps because five is the number of stresses most easily controlled by one breath, and because it readily admits variety. How is that produced? A trained and competent ear knows at once when a line has passed beyond the limit of variation to which it may go without ceasing to be blank verse; but it is not a simple matter to define that limit. The law can be sought only in a deduction from the practice of the best poets.

In what precise sense is English verse "founded on" a pattern of recurrent stresses. Not in the sense that it conforms exactly to a uniform pattern, but in the sense that, in reading a piece of English verse, a certain precise pattern of syllables with stresses at definite intervals should be ringing "in the mind's ear," and that the actual line should be read, so to speak, against that background. Let us consider blank verse in the light of this principle.

First, to define the pattern: it is a dissyllabic rising rhythm of five stresses; that is to say it consists of five "feet" or sets of syllables in each of which a "stress" is preceded by a "slack"; so:

"Te-túm, te-túm, te-túm, te-túm, te-túm."

The first device for obtaining variety is to reverse the order, writing "túm-te" for "te-túm": this happens all over English verse and most of all in the first and fourth positions (or feet) of blank verse. Another way is to put in a few extra syllables (túm-te-te or te-te-túm) into an otherwise normal line; this is common in bad blank verse, but rare in good. A third method concerns "pause," an element of which we have said nothing as yet because it is a negative element of language. Recollection of classical technique will at once suggest the "caesura." Of course, pause in English is the same sort of thing as pause in Latin, but, whereas the position of the caesura,—a break in the quantitative flow of sound,—was predetermined, the pause in English depends on the

meaning and concerns the emphasis as much as the flow of sound. Variation, therefore, of the position of the pause is another means of securing variety. It can be put practically anywhere, or nowhere at all. This was the chief device open to the users of the heroic couplet and almost any lines of Pope or Dryden will illustrate it :

"In pious tîmes | ere pŕiestcraft díd begín."

"Wórt makes the mán | and wánt of it the féllow."

Yet another device for avoiding monotony is what is variously known as "enjambement," "the run-on-line," or as Milton puts it "having the sense variously drawn out." What this amounts to is weaving together the pattern rhythm of a series of lines with the natural prose-rhythm of a long sentence, for prose though it has no recurring rhythm, has a rhythm of its own. Last but not least, is the device, mainly characteristic of blank verse, of actually varying the *number* of its stresses. All verse in English varies the intensity of its stresses, and no system of analysing English rhythm can be adequate which does not allow for at least the difference between full-stress and half-stress; but in this matter blank verse takes the greatest liberties, because of its dramatic character, or because other effects than mere variety are being sought after. Stress in English verse may arise from any or all of the following four sources.

1. It may be due to the influence of the pattern rhythm, for instance the light or half-stress (') on "in" in the line :

"Awáke, for mórnin in the bólw of níght . . ."

2. It may be due to the natural or etymological accent of the word, *e.g.*,

"Syngyne he wás, or flóyting, ál the dáy . . ."

3. It may arise from the meaning, and this, in blank verse, is by far the most important source.

4. Finally it may be caused, or at any rate assisted, by quantity, or phonetical considerations; when a word is long "by nature," or when, by reason of the incompatibility of two consonant groups, it is necessary to make a slight, imperceptible pause after it, there will be a tendency to throw a half-stress on it : note "sward" and "tree" in

"Under yónder beeč-trée, síngle ón the gréen-swárd . . ."  
and "swift" ('ft' before 'fl') in

"On the swift flouds as ármies at the cáll . . ."  
and "which" ('ch' before 'th') in

"That gólden scépter whích thou dídst rejéct . . ."

and as an example of pure length, slightly modified by the influence of the meaning,

“Emérgent, and thir bróad báre bácks uphéave . . .”

The manifold variety of stress differing under the influence of all or any of these factors can be illustrated in these lines :

“Hàil, hòly Light, óffspring of Héav'n first-bòrn  
Ór of the Etérnal có-étèrnal beám . . .”

[Milton. P.L.]

“Now rówing bóiles in his tumúltuous bréast . . .”

[Do.]

“And flóurs aloft sháding the fóunt of Life . . .”

[Do.]

note the decreasing length of the four “feet.”

“Exháusted, spíritless, afflicted, fáll'n . . .”

[Do.]

“Unhóusel'd, dísappointed, únanèled”

[Hamlet.]

Rúining alóng the illímitable ináne”

[Tennyson : Lucretius.]

In many cases the number of stresses will seem to be rather more than less than five ; this will very often be the case where two equivalent half-stresses are substituted for one full-stress :

“And áll is séared with tráde, blèared, smèared with  
tóil . . .”

[G. M. Hopkins.]

“O'er bóg or stéep, through stráight, ròugh, dènse  
or báre

With héad, hànds, wíngs, or féet pursúes his wáy . . .”

[Milton. P.L.]

“Ròcks, càves, lâkes, fèns, bògs, dèns and shádes of  
déath . . .”

[ibid.]

It is clear that in all these examples the actual stress of the given line is played against the pattern-rhythm. It is heard as a variation on it, and should be so heard against the pattern, if the blank verse is to be appreciated. Especially should that further complexity be noticed by which the quantity of the words is made to play against the meaning-rhythm, or the pattern-rhythm, or both together. This is a device fruitful for dramatic or semi-onomatopœic effects. For instance, the very tone of the old Jew's gloating is suggested in this line from Marlowe's “Jew of Malta” :

“Jácinths, hard tópaz, gráss-green émeralds.”

From these examples something of the complexity of blank verse can be seen. The question still remains, how is the limit, to which blank verse can go in variation, to be measured? Milton in the preface to "Paradise Lost" says he sought it in the number of syllables, but he does not give a number, merely postulating a "fit quantity." Shakespeare, with his usual felicity, disregarded the rule of a fixed number of syllables when he saw fit. The fact is that the limit of irregularity for blank verse, though real, is not to be expressed in any simple formula. It may be said briefly that the weight or value of a line of it is a resultant of many factors, a function of many variables. These factors include stress, arising from any or all of the causes detailed above; pause, of varying length or frequency; the quality of the sounds in the line; their quantity and the other phonetical peculiarities associated with it; and even finally the intonation or expression that should colour the line. The total effect of all these cannot be defined, nor can the infinite varieties arising from their combination be enumerated. There are, of course, books—like Jakob Schipper's "History of Versification"—which attempt this: they even supply a super-Germanic jargon of names for all the examples. But such attempts are no more than the lists of strokes given in a book on batting; they are only guides. And because the jargon deters boys from poetry—whereas a little jargon—not being associated with the classroom—improves cricket,—those books ought to be labelled "for adults only" and kept out of sight. Nevertheless the lesson they so ponderously teach ought to be learnt; it is that English verses are, like the dancing angels or the heavenly bodies of which Raphael speaks in "Paradise Lost,"

"Eccentric, interwolved, yet regular,  
Then most, when most irregular they seem."

There has perhaps never been an instrument of language more flexible, sensitive and musical than our blank verse. The limit of its irregularities may defy analysis; it may be appreciable only by an intuition of sense—of the sense of hearing; but it is a real limit. That is why it is the easiest thing in versification to write bad blank verse, while good blank verse is the work of genius.

We are beset with difficulties in the task of teaching, or even ourselves possessing, a due appreciation of the music of English verse. We are half-crippled at the outset by the fact that we commonly *see* poetry instead of *hearing* it. It cannot be repeated too often that boys should be trained to read poetry

out loud if possible, if not, at least "to the mind's ear." Allied with our bad habit of taking in verse through the eye instead of through the ear, is the practically irremediable confusion of our orthographic system: our spelling has long since ceased to bear any consistent relation to the sounds we make in speaking. Thus the relative length of sounds like "cough" and the pronoun "I" is completely obscured, and many assonances and internal rhymes pass unobserved. If there is anything to be said for introducing a phonetic spelling, it is that it might help to reveal to us some of the beauty of our poetry. But without any such drastic change much might be done by an early drawing of attention to the "gymnastics of the face," to the actual muscular relation of the various vowels and consonants. We might escape for instance a little of the sterile impassivity with which boys accept the rule of thumb that a vowel before two consonants is "long by position" without ever questioning why. English is a living language, and has not the excuse that the Classics have, for "bookishness" in pedagogical exposition. Blank verse is an excellent field for the cultivation of correctness and refinement in speech, which are among the objects of education. If we are not careful we shall wake one fine morning, in these days of incessant reading, to find we have forgotten that the written word once stood for a sound.

But, it may well be said, since blank verse has been shown to be Protean in its changeability, how are we to know how to read it, how especially to know the number of stresses in a line? The answer is, that unless there is any reason for thinking otherwise, there will be five, one on the second of each pair of syllables, and that whatever number there be, and wherever they be, the pattern-rhythm of five dissyllabic rising stresses should be ringing in the ear, should be "felt" subconsciously as we read, even when, for reasons already enumerated, the number is curtailed. Sometimes, as with some poems of G. M. Hopkins, the printing of accent-marks indicates the stress. It is practice in reading the "masters" rather than familiarity with abstract rules, which makes for the correct reading of blank verse.

The rules are not difficult, and the reward is great: the rules are, read aloud, read according to the meaning, read with attention to the sound-values and read with the pattern-rhythm always ringing "in the mind's ear." That is all.

LEONARD BOASE.

## S.O.S.: CANADA

**O**UR title, as the reader will presently see, has a double significance. In the last great trek of humanity's westward drift there is at once a great peril and a magnificent opportunity for the Catholic Church. The vast empty spaces of Canada's Western and Prairie Provinces are now attracting a flood of emigrants, not only from the British Islands and the fast-filling United States, but from all Europe and particularly from that long chain of newly emerged nations—mainly Catholic, but often of Eastern Uniat rites—from the Baltic to the Balkans.

We have had sad experience in the past of the loss sustained by the Catholic Church in the United States and other new countries by a rush of Catholic emigrants preceding any adequate organization to keep them in touch with the Church in their new homes. The consequent leakage has been appalling, and has been eagerly advertised by hostile pamphleteers on the "Decay of the Church of Rome." Not everywhere was the Church caught napping. As far back as 1857, Mother Mary Mackillop's Sisters of St. Joseph saved thousands from spiritual wreckage in the great Gold Rush to Australia.

This salvage work has now been imitated and modernized by the Sisters of Service—aptly abbreviated to S.O.S.—who are working from coast to coast of the vast Dominion of Canada. Their field is among the emigrants, from the moment they arrive at Halifax, Nova Scotia or the entraining centres of the Lake Cities, at the Prairie City of Winnipeg—the gateway of the West—to the newest mining or lumber camp right away to Vancouver and the Pacific. They are a canonically erected congregation of at present rather more than fifty, living in a number of houses in ten towns, and scattered in twos and threes over the Prairies and Western Provinces as opportunity offers. Sister Monica Meade, S.O.S., writes to me rather pathetically to say that some Catholics do not recognize them at first sight as being nuns because their habit is a light grey with short skirt, resembling that of a nurse. But it is not the habit that makes the nun. After six months' postulancy and a year's novitiate, the Sisters of Service take the usual vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. Their training is thoroughly modern and practical while infused with

spirituality. The Mother House and training school is at 2 Wellesley Place, Toronto, Ont. Toronto has been called the City of the Unco' Guid, and is a stronghold of Orange fanaticism, in opposition to the largely Catholic cities further east. It stands between them and the fast-filling west, but yesterday a wilderness, to-day an extraordinary jumble of races, to-morrow to be amalgamated into a mighty nation in a territory comparable in size to Mother Europe.

The modernity of the S.O.S. work is in keeping with its habit. Strong young women from 17 to 35 are trained as teachers, social workers and hospital nurses. The term "social work" covers a multitude of good actions.

They run Hostels at Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Halifax, and Vancouver. The specially low ocean rates established by the Imperial and Canadian Governments have brought thousands of young women from the British Islands under the "Empire Settlement Scheme" for domestic service. They are met on board and helped to their destination by the Sisters of Service, whom they are sometimes (and should be always) advised to look out for. The Hostels are always open to them, not only as a bureau of employment, but also as a healthy recreational and social centre. Some girls are married from these homes, and some subsequently park their babies there when shopping or out at work. Nothing seems to come amiss to the Sisters of Service, who are mothers and confidants alike to the lonely, bewildered immigrant girls, exposed to great temptations when out of work in the big cities or isolated in immeasurably distant farmsteads. If they are frequently lonely, exploited and preyed upon in what is still mainly a country of English speech, habits and traditions, how much worse must often be the plight of the stranded Lithuanian, Pole, Hungarian, Ruthenian, Ukrainian, Belgian, Swiss and Italian peoples?

The Sisters of Service have something like the gift of tongues. They find out the needs and destination of the foreign immigrant before he or she even leaves the ship. They make out for them a list of food, with prices, required for the long train journey to the West. They keep at a distance the White Slaver and the swindler and sharks of all descriptions. To the sick as well as to the stranger the S.O.S. is an ever present help in trouble. During the last decade the Catholic Women's League has generously founded, not only hostels for the Sisters of Service, but also hospitals under their supervision.

But they minister to the whole man—body, mind and soul. They are pre-eminent as trained catechists, invaluable in districts where there are no priests, or far too few for the ever increasing numbers of widely-scattered Catholics of several rites. In the summer the Sisters range far and wide over the prairies, giving the children both secular and religious instruction, and preparing them for their First Communion and Confirmation. In winter their educational work lies mainly in the cities, to which so many of the frozen-out country dwellers then perforce resort. Then is the time for correspondence courses in catechism with those who would otherwise be completely isolated from religious help in the country. Touching stories are told me by my informants of families which have been unable to go to Mass for as long as seven years, but have always kept the Sacred Heart before their eyes. The sombre side is also revealed in the many who drift away, in the children who, in the unsettling process of rapid "Canadianization," lose their spiritual birthright in the process of gaining a new nationality. Some of the most bitter Protestants in Canada to-day, my friends tell me, were once Catholics who, arriving before the Sisters of Service, received no helping hand in the days of their difficulties from the household of faith. The Anglican Church in Canada has all the vigour engendered by disestablishment. Though comparatively few in numbers, its members are fairly wealthy and generous with that wealth. Instead of blaming them for proselytizing, it is for Catholics to look after their own, of whatever speech, rite, or nationality. What the Catholic Women's League has so largely founded and the Sisters of Service so devotedly and intelligently manage, let the rank and file of British as well as Canadian Catholics assist by their alms, and where vocation promises, their lives. In both cases the Sisters of Service Headquarters at 2 Wellesley Place, Toronto, Canada, is the proper channel. Work with them is a life of high adventure. They are a flying squad at the call of priests and people. All the Catholic hierarchy of Canada ask for more and more Sisters of Service. Last, but not least on the list of their episcopal sponsors is the Ukrainian Bishop of Canada. From another source I heard quite recently of the danger there is of scattered Uniats being seduced from Unity by larger numbers of compatriots whose speech, both secular and sacred, is identical with their own, but who are still entangled in the obstinate old schism of the East which in the days of their dispersal the Catholic Church of both East and West should

strive with renewed zeal and charity to end. At Vilna, a large Ruthenian and Russian centre, the Sisters run a cottage hospital and teach in the school. From an abandoned municipal hospital in Edson and also in Saskatchewan they radiate far and wide as catechists to peoples of Pentecostal variety. Their social and patriotic value is recognized independently of Catholic tributes by Miss Burnham, Supervisor of the Women's branch in the Department of Immigration. The intelligent absorption of her newest elements is Canada's most vital problem to-day. Cockle is being sown amongst her human harvest. Communist propaganda is active. Decay in morals keeps pace with decay in faith. These peoples of Eastern and Central Europe are in danger of being spiritually as well as physically uprooted. West of Winnipeg, there is a corresponding feeling to the "East of Suez" unrestraint. The French of Old Canada and the Scottish Highlanders who peopled Nova Scotia were shepherded by their clergy. There was a mass migration carefully organized by the spirituality. The Jesuit pioneers blazed the trail. But the westward exodus of our days takes place at a time when, owing mainly to the War and anti-clericalism in France and other countries, there is a world shortage of clergy. Now the Sisters of Service are to the overworked Canadian priesthood precisely what St. Paul's holy women, whose names are written in the Book of Life, were to the Infant Church. The nets of the Church are breaking in the West. As Peter and his Partners beckoned for help on Gennesereth, and the vision of Paul drew him hot haste to Macedonia, so the Great Lakes and greater lands of the newest of the nations send up a loud, insistent cry to all of Catholic mind—"Help us." Is it bathos, or just modernity, after that appeal, to mention that the Sisters' request is chiefly (apart from vocations) expressed in the simple words "*We want Henry.*" The next best thing to a motor chapel in the vast spaciousness of the West is the humble Ford car. You may trust these wonderful women to drive where it is most needed. They tell us that a sixth of Canada's Catholic population is at present out of touch with a church. If the new Canadian of our faith is to receive protection rather than exploitation, our clergy and their devoted helpers must be given increased powers of locomotion. After all, putting it at its lowest, the moral factor is what should principally count in the building of a nation.

Let me close this appeal and account with some short quotations from the S.O.S. paper, *The Field at Home*.

"Montreal, 2 a.m., an immigrant train. Here they come, Ukraniens, Poles, Czecho-slovaks, here an Italian with his wife and small children. All at once their faces light up. They see the Sister and have a friend. These people are in our country, the land of their destiny, looking to us, their co-religionists, for the help and sympathy they need. A Sister has gone through the ship's list and copied the name and destination of every Catholic. We must advise the mothers about locating near a Catholic church and school. Ah, here at last we have found her—the Russian girl, whose fiancé has been following us about, like a shadow, waiting for her. He has a wedding post card of his brother, with the bride all in white, and has shown it to us, saying 'Sister, you make her look nice like that. I have all the money you want.' The Sisters move in and out among the people, acting as interpreter, listening to sad stories, giving advice, answering dozens of questions. A tall Irish boy steps up: 'Are you a real Catholic, Sister? Would you please tell me where I get the grub? . . . Oh, no, not for the train,' exclaims the lad, slipping the fingers of both hands under his belt, 'for me stomach now.' A Slovak girl thrusts some letters into our hands. We hurry to the office for a supply of literature to be given out on the train. [The Sisters' principal appeal, by the bye, after "Henry" is books for children.] A woman and her little child raise tearful eyes to the image of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. 'Matco Bosja (Mother of God), to think I should find you here.' We wonder if in some future day she may not become estranged from her Matco Bosja and despise the Sign of the Cross."

Here is a great harvest of souls. Will it spoil?

ALEX JOHNSTON.

## RELICS, AUTHENTIC AND SPURIOUS

### I

**T**HIRTY-EIGHT years ago I published here in THE MONTH an article which aimed at justifying the belief that some part at least of the actual wood hallowed by our Saviour's death-throes was still preserved to us in the relics of "the True Cross" venerated throughout the Church.<sup>1</sup> At that date the narrative of the pilgrim-lady Ætheria, at first wrongly identified with a certain Silvia of Aquitaine, was a comparative novelty. The document had only been brought to light by Signor Gamurrini in 1887, and it seemed worth while to draw attention to the very striking description which Ætheria, who visited the Holy Land towards the close of the fourth century, gives of the Good Friday celebrations at Jerusalem. She tells us in some detail how the Christian population pressed forward one after another to kiss the great piece of the Cross, which was kept in a silver-gilt casket (*loculus argenteus deauratus*) together with the "title." We learn that the bishop seated in his chair kept tight hold of the wood, while the deacons stood around to guard it, for the case was remembered of a man who had once fixed his teeth in it and had tried to steal some fragment of the sacred treasure. Consequently each devout worshipper bowed down, touching the cross and the title first with his forehead and then with his eyes,<sup>2</sup> but after kissing the relics passed on, without presuming to put out his hand to them. This public veneration continued until the sixth hour (mid-day), when in the great open court of the Holy Sepulchre buildings a vast multitude of people stood packed together awaiting the coming of the bishop. Then lessons were re-

<sup>1</sup> "The Early History of the True Cross" in THE MONTH for May, 1892. The article was written in view of the feast of the "Invention of the Cross," which, as everyone knows, is kept on May 3rd.

<sup>2</sup> This practice of touching the forehead and eyes with the wood of the Cross may be compared with the directions which St. Cyril of Jerusalem gives to catechumens in view of the time when they shall be permitted to receive Holy Communion. He tells them: "After having thus communicated of the Body of Jesus Christ, approach the Chalice of His Blood, stretch not out your hands, but bow down and pay homage saying Amen. Then sanctify yourselves by touching the Blood of Jesus Christ which you are receiving, and whilst your lips are yet moist, wipe them with your hand and lift it to your eyes, your forehead and your other senses that it may consecrate them." ("Catechesis" v. 18). Throughout the Old and New Testament we find numberless indications of the value set upon the preservation of the sense of sight. The prevalence of ophthalmia and other diseases of the eyes was and is a terrible scourge in the East.

cited both from the psalms and the prophets "wherever the Passion is spoken of," prayers were interposed, and at last the ceremony ended with the reading of the story of the Passion in the Gospels themselves. "The emotion shown," says *Ætheria*, "by all the people at every lesson and prayer is wonderful; for there is none, either great or small, who, on that day, during those three hours, does not lament more than can be conceived that our Lord had suffered such pains for us all."<sup>1</sup>

There was also another piece of evidence which in 1892 was sufficiently new to deserve special notice. It had long been known that St. Cyril of Jerusalem, writing about the year 346, made reference in three separate passages to the fragments of the holy cross which had been distributed far and wide, and which, as he puts it rhetorically, "had nearly filled the whole world." Further, there was evidence that in one definite case, that of Macrina, the sister of St. Gregory of Nyssa, this lady had acquired a relic of the same cross, which she always wore inserted in an iron ring. But in 1890 M. Audollent made known the discovery at Tixter in Algeria of a dated inscription which proves that fragments of the cross already in 359 were enclosed in stones serving as altar-slabs, while another inscription in the same locality and of much the same period attests the importance attached to another similar relic, for when "the holy wood of the cross was brought and deposited here" (*sancto ligno crucis Christi Salvatoris adlato atque hic sito*) the dedication took place of a new church which a pious Christian and his family had erected. In view of these and many similar testimonies it is quite impossible to doubt that before the end of the fourth century a large piece of wood was preserved with great honour which was of such size that men believed it to be part of the stem of the cross, neither does there seem to be any sufficient reason to distrust the accounts of later date which speak of a transfer of considerable portions to Rome and to Constantinople. When the "Liber Pontificalis," compiled in the sixth century, tells us that "Constantine constructed a basilica in the Sessorian palace, to which he gave a portion of the wood of the holy cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, enshrined in gold and jewels, and called the church by the name of Jerusalem, which it retains to this day," we can hardly doubt

<sup>1</sup> The most convenient text is that included by Geyer in his "Itinera Hierosolymitana."

that some such reliquary existed in the Sessorian basilica at the time when this was written. Mgr. Duchesne in his note upon the passage remarks that it would be the most natural thing in the world that a portion of the cross when it was discovered should have been given to the Roman church which bore the name of Jerusalem, for the Sessorian palace was the residence of St. Helen, as existing secular inscriptions prove, and her interest in and presence at the Holy Places in her last days is a fact beyond dispute.<sup>1</sup> Whether any one of the three relics of the cross now preserved at Santa Croce in Gerusalemme is identical with that of which the "Liber Pontificalis" speaks it is impossible to say. THE MONTH for April, 1870, contains an interesting article by Mgr. Virtue, afterwards Bishop of Portsmouth and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, which describes minutely the relics of that basilica. He tells us, as a result of a very close personal examination, that the largest of the three fragments of the cross is six and a quarter inches long, but only five-eighths of an inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick—a large splinter in fact—and that the reliquary which now enshrines them is of modern date. It appears that the Republican Government established at Rome in 1798 carried off all the gold and jewelled ornaments in the treasury, but left the relics themselves wrapped up in a piece of thin paper. About a hundred years ago the Duchess of Villa-Hermosa generously presented a new shrine of silver-gilt in the form of a cross in which the relics are now preserved.

But to return to the large portion of the cross which was venerated in Jerusalem at the end of the fourth century, and which some time later was carried off by Chosroes, king of Persia, though it was subsequently recovered again by the Emperor Heraclius. Very shortly after the visit of Aetheria to the Holy Places, that is to say between the years 392 and 398,<sup>2</sup> we have a reference to the great relic in that very remarkable document, the Life of St. Porphyrius, Bishop of Gaza. His biographer and disciple, Mark, tells us how Porphyrius, when living in Jerusalem, fell grievously ill owing to his excessive austerities. Mark was sent by him on a long journey but returned to find his master wonderfully restored

<sup>1</sup> "Liber Pontificalis," Ed. Duchesne, Vol. I., pp. 179 and 196.

<sup>2</sup> The date cannot be exactly determined owing to the mention of Praylius as the bishop who ordained St. Porphyrius. But it seems certain that Porphyrius was already Bishop of Gaza before A.D. 401.

to health. When asked to explain how his cure had come about, Porphyrius said:

I went and lay down near Golgotha and, by reason of the great pain, I fell as it were into a trance. And I see the Saviour nailed upon the cross and one of the thieves with him hanging upon another cross, and I begin to cry out and speak the words of the thief: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into Thy Kingdom." And the Saviour answereth and saith to the thief that is hanging: "Go down from the cross and save him that is lying there, even as thou wast saved." And the thief came down from the cross and took me in his arms and kissed me, and stretching forth his right hand raised me up saying: "Come to the Saviour." And straightway I rose up and ran to Him, and I see Him coming down from the cross and saying to me: "Take this wood and keep it." And I took the same precious wood and lifted it up and straightway I came to myself out of my trance, and from that hour there was no more pain in me, neither is the place of the disease manifest.<sup>1</sup>

The Life of St. Porphyrius is admitted on all hands to be an absolutely trustworthy document, and one of great value for the picture it affords of the last efforts of expiring paganism on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. It is curious that hardly any notice seems to have been taken of it in connection with the history of the great relic of the cross at Jerusalem. Anyhow Mark, after recounting how Porphyrius gave away everything he possessed to the poor, continues his narrative as follows:

Now these things being so, Praylius, who held the bishopric of the Holy Places, heard of the name and the life of the saintly Porphyrius, and sending for him very instantly, ordained him to the office of Presbyter, and moreover committed unto him the safe-keeping of the precious wood of the Cross. Then did we know that those things had been fulfilled for him which he heard in his trance when he beheld the Lord on the Cross, and the robber with Him, and the Master saying: "Take this wood and keep it for Me." But the blessed Porphyrius,

<sup>1</sup> "The Life of Porphyry, Bishop of Gaza." By Mark the Deacon. Translated by G. F. Hill. Oxford, 1913. Pp. 11-12.

when he received this ordination was about forty and five years old.<sup>1</sup>

Much to the holy man's distress it happened a year or two later that the Bishop of Gaza died and Porphyrius was appointed to succeed him. He did not at first know what the burden was which was to be laid upon him, but having been sent by his bishop to Caesarea on a mysterious mission he confided his apprehensions to the faithful Mark:

"Yesternight," he said, "I beheld the Saviour saying unto me, 'that which I committed to thy trust restore thou again.' . . . I fear lest, desiring some way to make atonement for mine own sins, atonement for the sins of many others may also be laid upon me. Nevertheless it is not possible to gainsay the will of God." Having said this he went forth, and I with him, and when we had worshipped the holy places and the precious cross, and he had prayed and wept much, he replaced in its golden coffer the precious and life-giving cross, and made it fast, and went forth; and going to the blessed Praylius, the bishop, he committed unto him the keys, and having received from him a blessing, and a commendation unto God, he set out upon his journey.<sup>2</sup>

It is abundantly clear that the relic was a real centre of devotion and that here in Jerusalem itself its authenticity was not doubted. Moreover, St. Cyril certainly, and probably many of those whose emotion impressed the pilgrim *Ætheria*, must have been living at the time of its discovery. That there had been a discovery (*inventio*) she herself attests by telling us that the dedication of the Constantinian churches at the Holy Sepulchre, observed there annually as one of the great feasts of the year, had been purposely arranged to take place on the day on which the cross was found (*die qua crux est inventa*). These are her words:

The dedication of these holy churches is therefore celebrated with the highest honour, and also because the cross of our Lord was found on this same day. And it was so ordained that, when the holy churches above mentioned were consecrated, that should also be the day when the cross of our Lord had been found, in order that the whole celebration should be made together, with all rejoicing, on the selfsame day.

<sup>1</sup> *Ib.* pp. 15—16.

<sup>2</sup> *Ib.* pp. 19—20.

After which she goes on to describe the ceremonies of these *dies Encæniarum*, telling us that the whole celebration lasted a week, that people came to it from Mesopotamia, Syria, and Egypt, and that there were often as many as fifty bishops present. It is, however, noteworthy that neither she,<sup>1</sup> nor St. Cyril, nor Eusebius directly connect the finding of the cross with the name of St. Helen. The first perhaps to ascribe the discovery to her active intervention is St. Ambrose in his sermon, "De obitu Theodosii," preached in 395 (St. Helen had died in 330), but about that date or a little later we find many others, St. John Chrysostom, Rufinus (c. 402), Paulinus, and Cassiodorus, together with the Church historians Socrates, Sozomen, and Theodoret—but notably not St. Jerome who lived on the spot—all repeating similar stories of the recovery of the cross in which St. Helen plays a principal part. Unfortunately the details of these accounts are by no means in agreement. St. Ambrose and St. John Chrysostom inform us that in the excavations which were undertaken at the instance of St. Helen three crosses were discovered, that to the one in the middle the "title" was still attached, and that in this way our Saviour's cross was clearly identified. On the other hand Rufinus, who is followed in this by Socrates, reports that in accordance with a special inspiration St. Helen directed that excavations should be made in a certain place, that three crosses were found and an inscription, but there was no way of deciding to which the inscription belonged. The Bishop of Jerusalem, Macarius, thereupon had a dying woman brought to the spot. She was made to touch the three crosses, and at the contact of the third she was healed, so that it was made plain to all that this was the cross of our Saviour. St. Paulinus, however, and Sulpicius Severus, introduce another variation, for by their account we learn that it was not Macarius, but St. Helen who adopted this test, and that it took the form, not of the cure of an invalid, but of the restoration to life of a corpse which was already being borne to the grave.

There is also the further complication of a number of apocryphal legends, for the most part in Syriac texts, whose origin may be traced to Edessa. In these we hear of a certain Protonice, said to be the wife of the Emperor Claudius, who,

<sup>1</sup> Etheria does, however, state elsewhere that the magnificent decoration of the churches at Jerusalem and at Bethlehem was the work of Constantine *sub praesentia matris suae*, which may mean no more than "under his mother's influence."

less than ten years after Our Lord's Ascension, went to the Holy Land, compelled the Jews to reveal where the crosses were hidden, and identified that of our Saviour by a miracle wrought upon her own daughter. Another later story introduces a convert from Judaism, whose name was formerly Judas, but who as a Christian was called Cyriacus, becoming eventually Bishop of Jerusalem and a martyr. There is an immense literature connected with these apocrypha but the subject cannot be discussed here. What seems to emerge from all the conflicting data is that St. Helen's rôle in the discovery of the cross was a purely honorary one. The construction of the great edifice at the Holy Sepulchre was probably attributed to her influence, and there is good reason to suppose that she must at the time of her visit to Palestine have had something to say to the carrying out of the work then in progress. This would, I conceive, have been sufficient foundation for the legend connecting her name with any striking incident which occurred in the course of the building operations. We have not, so far as I am aware, any definite evidence which would lead us to believe that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was completed before Constantine's death in 337, or before that of Eusebius in 339, and though it seems natural to expect that the discovery of the crosses would have taken place in digging the foundations of the great edifice, there is nothing to exclude the possibility that some accident revealed at a later time the place where the broken planks, with the title perhaps still attached to one of them, may have been buried or concealed, possibly with the distinct purpose of keeping them out of the hands of Our Lord's disciples.

I must confess that it is the mention of the Title in these early accounts which seems to me to afford the most solid foundation for belief in the authenticity of some at least of the fragments which purport to be relics of the True Cross. *Ætheria*, as we have seen, definitely states that the title was venerated at Jerusalem on Good Friday. Her account is that of an eye-witness. Any piece of timber might have been mistaken in good faith for the wood of the cross upon which our Saviour died. But if the title with its lettering was not what it claimed to be, it must have been a deliberate forgery. St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and Rufinus all mention the title as having been found at the same time as the cross, even if we have no evidence that they had actually seen it. Socrates and Sozomen also speak of it, though they are half a century

later in date. By that time the legends of the cure or the resuscitation worked at the time of the discovery of the cross were already current, and it is no libel upon the Church historians of that epoch to say that they would always be likely to give the preference to the story of a miracle rather than content themselves with the prosaic fact that the cross was identified by the title still attached to it. The pilgrim, generally, if incorrectly, known as Antoninus of Piacenza (c. 575), is most explicit in his description.

In the basilica of Constantine [he says] which adjoins the tomb and Golgotha, in the atrium of the church itself, is a chamber where the wood of the holy cross is kept, which we adored (*adoravimus*) and kissed, for I also saw and held in my hand and kissed the title which was placed over the head of Jesus upon which is written "Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews."

It will be noticed that the Piacenza pilgrim gives the same form of the title as that which appears in the Gospel of St. John. The other evangelists, who had not, like St. John, stood beneath the cross, and had probably never seen it, present a different wording. St. Mark tells us it was "The King of the Jews"; St. Matthew, "This is Jesus the King of the Jews"; St. Luke, "This is the King of the Jews." Only St. John preserves the reference to Nazareth. This point is of importance because there is, as most of my readers will be aware, a relic still preserved at the Roman basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme which purports to be the central portion of the original title. The relic is worm-eaten and full of little holes. Nothing is left of the Hebrew words which stand at the top except the tails of three or four letters.<sup>1</sup> The left half is entirely lacking, as also the word JESUS on the right. As Bishop Virtue describes it:

To Padre Fumagalli, who had many opportunities of closely examining the title, it appeared to be written on a piece of the bark of some tree. The dimensions are nine and three eights of an inch by about five and a quarter inches. Sozomen describes it as having been white when

<sup>1</sup>It is also noteworthy that although the Revisors, Bishop Westcott, and others consider that the order of languages in the Greek original of St. John xix. 20 was "Hebrew Latin and Greek," the Vulgate and some important Greek manuscripts give "Hebrew, Greek and Latin," which is the order of the Title preserved at Santa Croce.

found by St. Helen. Traces are said by Corrieri still to exist of the white ground on which the inscription was painted in red letters. It was thus according to Pliny that edicts were usually published. . . . It is remarkable that all three inscriptions are written in the Hebrew manner from right to left, so that it was probably the work of some Jewish scribe attached to the tribunal of Pontius Pilate. Nevertheless both Greek and Latin inscriptions written in this way are not unknown.

The relic, more or less in the state in which we now see it, was discovered by accident at Santa Croce in 1492. Some workmen while repairing the mosaics came upon a small cavity over the arch of the apse. The brick with which the cavity was closed bore on its inner surface an inscription cut in ancient oblong letters *Titulus Crucis*. Behind this was a small leaden casket tied round with a cord which was sealed with three seals, and the casket had in front the words ECCE LIGNUM CRUCIS. We are told that there had formerly been an inscription over the arch in mosaic recording that the Title was deposited there, but the mosaic was so delapidated that all memory of its purport had perished. The seals on the cords were found to be those of Cardinal Caccianemici, who afterwards succeeded to the Papacy as Pope Lucius II. It is known that this Cardinal restored the basilica of Santa Croce in 1143, and it was no doubt at that period that the casket was consigned to the niche over the arch of the apse.

So far as I am able to discover, there is absolutely no sound palæographic or archæological reason for pronouncing it to be impossible, or even unlikely, that the fragmentary title now at Santa Croce was written in Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion of Our Lord. The writer can hardly have been a Greek, for the Greek equivalent of *Nazarenus* is badly misspelt, but such misspellings are extremely common even in inscriptions of some consequence cut in stone. Assuming that the "title" spoken of by *Ætheria* (c. 380) which she saw at Jerusalem bore writing upon it (and without such writing it is difficult to understand how it could have been identified with the *titulus crucis*, not to speak of the fact that the Piacenza pilgrim two centuries later refers explicitly to the writing in three languages), it seems extremely improbable that this can have been a deliberate forgery at so early a date. On the other hand it is equally impossible to doubt that what is now

preserved at Santa Croce can be other than the "title" which was so carefully stowed away in a place of safety by Cardinal Caccianemici early in the twelfth century. But between the sixth century and the twelfth who was there who was capable of producing so skilful a forgery in three languages, writing, moreover, the Latin and Greek words from right to left?

One other curious point seems worthy of notice. William Durandus, the liturgist, in his "Rationale Divinorum Officiorum," which was written about 1280, has two references to the Title of the Cross. In one he states that he had seen it in the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, "together with the Crown of Thorns, the blade and handle of the Lance, the purple robe in which our Lord was mocked, the shroud in which His body was wrapped (*cum sindone qua corpus fuit involutum*), the sponge, the wood of the Cross, and many other relics." But he also says in another place that "we do not know whether the beginning of the title was written in three languages." He seems to be satisfied that the words *Rex Iudeorum* were written in three languages, but he doubts about the *Jesus Nazarenus*. This would seem to agree very well with the theory which has been previously advanced that the title as found with the cross was cut into two halves, the left-hand half remaining at Jerusalem, the right-hand portion being sent to Rome. It is only the right-hand portion which is now preserved at the basilica of Santa Croce, and that in a very decayed and truncated state, all the right margin being worn away. On the other hand the left-hand portion, bearing the words *Rex Iudeorum*, was that which Ætheria and the Piacenza pilgrim saw at Jerusalem. We seem to have no evidence that later on it had been taken to Constantinople but, as we learn from Durandus at the close of the thirteenth century, it was to be seen in the Sainte Chapelle at Paris, whither it had been brought with the Crown of Thorns by St. Louis.

HERBERT THURSTON.

## STATE TRIALS UNDER CHARLES II.

**T**HOSE who are at work on the biographies of the Martyrs of the "Popish Plot" will, no doubt, notice the trial of Lionel Anderson and others on January 17, 1679(80); will observe that their crime was only for being priests and, if they turn to Catholic works of reference, will ascertain that none of the six priests condemned was afterwards executed. Thus this trial is likely to be dismissed by them. The object of my present paper is to prove that, for critical purposes, this trial was one of the most important of the whole series.

The reporter of nearly all the trials for the "Popish" and other plots of the reign of Charles II. was Robert Blaney, barrister, of the Inner Temple, who lived in the Middle Temple and was one of the Rye House plotters. He was son-in-law to the famous John Rushworth. His work was very clearly detailed at the two trials of Titus Oates, in 1685, when Oates called him as a witness. Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys then refused to allow the printed reports of the trials to be put in evidence, and suffered Blaney to consult his notes only for the purpose of refreshing his memory. A modern judge, of course, would adopt the same course.

The main point I wish to establish is that "Captain William Bedloe" (whose real name and description were William Beddo, horse-thief) and Titus Oates exercised a censorship over Blaney's printed reports. On December 26, 1678, "Bedloe" appeared in the House of Lords (Lords Journals, XIII., p. 435), and the Journals record that:

Upon complaint made to the House by William Bedloe that he is wronged in the publication of the trial of Edward Coleman, by inserting what he said not, and omitting what he did say. And upon information that Titus Oates is injured in the same manner. It is ordered . . . that it is referred to the Lords Committee for examining persons and papers . . . to examine the matter and that the Lord Chief Justice [Scroggs] be present.

Nothing more was recorded, either in the Journals, or in the Lords MSS., but it seems to be clear that these two perjurers wished to revise what they had said in Court, at their own leisure, before the public was acquainted with it. In

this project they undoubtedly had Blaney's willing assistance.<sup>1</sup> The trial of Lionel Anderson affords plain proof of this fact. The title of the copy of the original print of this trial, in the British Museum, runs as follows:

The trial of Lionel Anderson, alias Munson, William Russel, alias Napper, Charles Parris, alias Parry, Henry Starkey, James Corker and William Marshall, on Sat. Jan. 17. 1679 (80).

This was "Published by Authority" and printed for Thomas Collins and John Starkey in 1680. On page 11 there is the following passage:

*Mr. Belwood.* We will now call Mr. Bedloe. You know the question, what it is, Sir, concerning the prisoner's [Anderson's] being a priest?

*Mr. Bedloe.* He is a priest and an Englishman if his mother was honest, and he honestly born; for he is Mr. Anderson's son of Oxfordshire, as I was told.

*L.C.J.* But what say you to him, as to his being a priest?

On turning to the same passage in "State Trials," Vol. VII., column 839, we find a lengthier version:

*Bedlow.* He is a priest and an Englishman, if his mother was honest, and he honestly born, for he is Mr. Anderson's son of Oxfordshire, a gentleman of 2 or 300 a year. I know him, and his father very well.

*Anderson.* My lord, could I but apprehend that I lay under so great a guilt as to have been acquainted with so great a rogue as this fellow is I would have been my own executioner, and not have expected my sentence at this bar.

*L.C.J.* Do you know him well?

*Bedlow.* Very well, both him and his father, his father is an Oxfordshire gentleman.

*Anderson.* Now I think that I shall prove the rogue perjured. Is my Lord Chief Baron in Court?

*Court.* Yes, he is.

*Anderson.* Why, then, my father has the honour to be well known to his lordship, who knows this to be false.

<sup>1</sup> With regard to Blaney's bias, William Smith, schoolmaster of Islington, in his "Intrigues of the Popish Plot laid open" (1685), says, on p. 29, "The persons that most frequented Otes's chamber were . . . Blaney &c.;" and, on p. 31, "Mr. Blaney of the Temple, the shorthand writer, did, in my hearing, in Otes's chamber, say that there was a printing press in the Temple, where they could do anything . . . most of the treasonable libels of late years were printed there."

*L. C. Baron.* (Wm. Montague Esq.). No, no, Mr. Bedlow, he is a gentleman's son of Lincolnshire.

*L.C.J.* You are mistaken, you are mistaken, his father is a Lincolnshire gentleman.

*Anderson.* And yet this rogue is upon his oath; but, indeed, all his life is full of such mistakes.

*Bedlow.* I don't know, my lord Privy Seal's nephew told me so.

*L.C.J.* But what say you to him as to his being a priest?

"State Trials" generally has to be reproached with its omissions, but this important evidence to "Bedloe's" discredit was inserted in the reprint of the trial in the first edition of 1719, by Salmon, the first editor,<sup>1</sup> and has appeared in all subsequent editions. Salmon, of course, gave no reference to his source.

Some time ago I accidentally discovered this source in a tract in the British Museum, then catalogued under the not very descriptive heading of "Roman Catholic Priest," and not, as it should have been, under the heading of "Lionel Anderson." The title of this tract runs as follows:

Some of the most material errors and omissions in the late printed tryals of the Romish priests at the Old Bailey, Jan. 17. 1679(80).

Those who know Abbot Corker's printed works will, I think, agree with me in attributing this tract to his pen. The tract consists of four folio pages and enumerates 44 errors and omissions, some of them lengthy, and amongst the latter is the passage cited above from "State Trials." The tract, naturally, has no imprint, and the fact that its writer could have had no opportunity of revising the proofs whilst in prison is borne out by the errors in the marginal references to the pages and lines of the trial revised by it.

As a piece of documentary evidence about the manner in which the trials of the times were "cooked" by Oates and other perjurors it is invaluable. Not only "Bedloe" and Oates, but also Dangerfield and other perjurors were exposed by the priests at this trial. Within five months the result of the exposure of Dangerfield was seen at the trial of Elizabeth Cellier, the "Popish midwife," for the "Meal Tub plot," by Lord Chief Justice Scroggs, on June 11th. This plucky and

<sup>1</sup> Copies of this edition are to be seen in the Guildhall library, London, and the library of the Incorporated Law Society, in Chancery Lane. Mr. Alfred Marks thought Salmon's interpolations were taken from the original stenographer's notes. See his article in the "Athenaeum," for May 7, 1904, p. 592.

irrepressible old woman then succeeded in getting Dangerfield's evidence rejected, and was acquitted, without the jury stirring from the bar.

Then followed four other trials.

On June 23rd, Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, was acquitted of a plot to murder the King, and Oates in turn was discredited. Scroggs, by this time, had completely abandoned his attacks upon the Catholic religion.

On July 2nd, Henry Care was convicted of libelling Scroggs in his "Weekly Packet of Advice from Rome" (for August 1, 1679).

On July 14th, John Giles, stated by Lord Ailesbury not to have been in London at the time, was convicted of an attempt to "murder" the infamous John Arnold, the priest-hunter and enemy of Blessed David Lewis. Arnold had gashed his own throat in Jackanapes Alley (Bell Yard), Temple Bar, to revive interest in the Plot.

Lastly, Mrs. Cellier was tried again, this time for asserting that Miles Praunce had been tortured in Newgate (an assertion which is now known to be true), in her pamphlet entitled "Malice Defeated," in which she also exposed Dangerfield. The poor old woman was convicted and treated so savagely in the pillory that it was expected that she would die as a result.

Naturally, Blaney and his censors thought it inadvisable to print any reports of all these trials, with the curious result that a coffee-house keeper, called John Combes,<sup>1</sup> who lived in Bartholomew Lane, by the Exchange, petitioned the House of Lords for permission to do so. Leave was granted him to print reports of the four last trials, enumerated above, on October 28, 1680, and is recorded in the Lords Journals. The resulting extremely bad reports are all very inaccurately reprinted in "State Trials," in which a common fraud, entitled "Reflections on the Murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey" is added to Mrs. Cellier's trial and attributed to her. Of course, she had nothing to do with the tract. Finally, Lord Castlemaine attacked and exposed Combes' report of his own trial, in his "Manifesto," published in 1681.

The hatred of the Whigs for Mrs. Cellier did not cease with the pillory and imprisonment for a fine which she was unable to pay, but culminated in an attempt to procure her conviction

<sup>1</sup> See more of Combes in John Zeale's "Narrative," printed in 1683, and in the Calendar of Domestic State Papers for 1682," p. 123. This Calendar has not been published, but is printed and can be seen on the open shelves at the Record Office, with the Calendars already published.

for high treason in attempting to fire the Fleet. Three perjurers were brought forward for this purpose, the inevitable Dangerfield, a forger named Lewis, and a dissolute footman called John Zeale. Her trial for this crime proceeded to the point when the jury was empanelled, but at the last moment the Attorney General found such impossibilities in Zeale's evidence that he stopped the trial.<sup>1</sup>

Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys' common sense put an end to Mrs. Cellier's imprisonment. On November 8, 1683, Henry Muddiman wrote that "Mrs. Cellier is admitted to bail to make out a writ of error upon a judgment formerly passed upon her."

In conclusion, the story of the extraordinary endeavours of the Whigs to induce Charles II. to hang the condemned priests should be repeated. In December, 1681, the King sent an order to the Whig Sheriffs, Pilkington and Shute, to deliver them up in order that they might be transported to the Isle of Scilly, no doubt as a preliminary to their departure from the kingdom. The Sheriffs refused to obey, alleging that the warrant was insufficient authority to them. They were then ordered to attend the Privy Council, on January 20th, and carefully timed their arrival to be when the Council was "up." They were compelled to attend the Council on February 3rd, and were then told by Chief Justice North that the judges had unanimously agreed that the warrant was sufficient authority to them. In the meantime Sir Thomas Player, paymaster of the Plot witnesses, actually had the effrontery to petition for the execution of the six priests.<sup>2</sup> On February 8, 1682, the Sheriffs petitioned the King to allow them to keep the priests in custody, angering him so much that he ordered the Attorney General to consult with the judges about the steps he should take against them. Some days passed even then before Pilkington and Shute would yield to the Attorney General's threats, but at last they did so, depriving us of six more martyrs, but liberating Dom Corker to obtain the relics of Blessed Oliver Plunket and to become Abbot of Lambspring, where these relics were long preserved.

J. C. MUDDIMAN.

<sup>1</sup> Ormonde MSS. New Series, Vol. V., pp. 501—2. Zeale's information is printed in the Hist. MSS. Commns. Eleventh Report, Part II., pp. 262—3. There is an account of Lewis in Zeale's Narrative.

<sup>2</sup> Hist. MSS. Commns. Tenth Report, IV., p. 175.

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE CATHOLIC BUREAU OF SOCIAL SERVICE.

"His Mother said to them that served" . . .

IT is love that makes good listeners. If we would show our love to the Blessed Mother in this her own month, we might choose the devotion of *listening*. Let the air ring with Litanies and Salves: but let us not do *all* the talking. Let us add the crowning homage of attentive silence, showing our tenderest respect by considering what she has to say to us.

Books have been written on the seven words of Our Lady. The mystics have said that she, the simplest of creatures, never uttered but one Word, a Divine Word. The saints remind us that she is always saying that same Word to us. "When we say: 'Mary,' she says: 'Jesus,'" Blessed Grignon de Montfort tells us. And every pilgrim-soul could bear witness that this one Word which she has for us, answers our individual difficulties and seems ever new.

Our Lady does not always say the Word in the same way. To Elizabeth, the vigilant mother of the Precursor, she said: "Magnificat." To them that served at Cana, she said: "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." In both cases, she is saying: "Christ Jesus." In prayer she would have the human soul to become nothing but a mirror of the Divine Goodness, empty of self as is glass; and in work, a burning-glass of that Goodness which He casts on earth for us to kindle.

The Catholic Bureau of Social Service—the latest standing-committee of the C.W.L.—has chosen for its device a woodcut of Carmelite origin, showing Our Lady holding England to her heart, surrounded by praying hands; and for its motto: *Dixit mater ejus ministris quodcumque dixerit vobis facite*.

And this has been done, not merely from devout affection, but from a very strong belief that the whole marching orders for active Catholic charity are in that quintessential sentence. It points heroic generosity to an unlimited field: *quodcumque dixerit vobis*; it cuts away our subtle preoccupations with pet theories and schemes: "Whatsoever He saith unto you"; and it ends with a word of absolute command: "*Facite!*"

Do it! But the means? That is the affair of Divine Providence. Those who keep close enough to Our Lord to hear—undisturbed by doubts or prejudices,—what He has to say, are told, at the right moment, where to find the means to fulfil what he has put

into their hearts to do. Simply, in this motto, Our Lady offers a Rule for lay-workers; and the rest of their lives forms the novitiate in which they learn it. It is Our Lady's privilege to simplify everything.

Modern social service, national, Catholic and non-Catholic, is concerned primarily with preventive work. Here again this motto is pertinent, for Our Lady's work at Cana was preventive. She prevented dismay and a shadow on happiness. We Catholics have the opportunity of learning from her this principle of social psychology—that not by bread alone do the poor live. They live, as do their richer brethren, on an interest in life, a hope. Would to God we all cared as much as Our Lady did—and does—about those who have not this "wine." The psychologist brings her the corroboration of his science when he says that a man who has lost heart ceases to be a useful citizen. He knows how right she is in thinking "wine" as important as "bread," and how wrong we are when we send a poor man away with half a loaf and nothing to lift up his heart. Dante alone, perhaps, could have painted the torments of those who will realize too late what they did when they shamed and saddened the man who had "committed poverty." They, on the other hand, will have a merciful Judgment who have given joy to their Judge through the hearts of the poor.

"The master-forces of life are personal." Social science by itself can discipline, educate and widen the natural compassion of a human being, but experience shows that the *universal* sympathy, rising above all the limitations of heredity and temperament which tend to make us sympathetic to one kind of character and not to another, must be learnt of Christ. Of only One has it been said: "He healed them *all*."

And this includes the pretender, the humbug. It is not true that the humbug dreads to be seen through. He longs to be seen through by eyes that really love him. Much of the ingratitude which scandalizes charitable people is really the desperate contempt of the man who sees that they, well-waddled with comfort and security, can feel for him only as far as his need for bread. But he would not turn away from the humorous tolerance of real comprehension from a man of good will and holy desires, nor be ungrateful to the saint whose piercing insight was more healing than sunshine, tearing the rags of his pretences to lay bare the sore and unintended soul for which Christ died, to "stab his spirit broad awake" with real love. Insight of this kind can only come from communion with God, the Maker of men. For this we must have the mind of Christ.

We Catholics, who have so much to give, must give magnificently. We have always contributed to the ranks of Social Service in this country, although perhaps it is true to say that the Reli-

gious Orders have skimmed the cream of generosity from English Catholicism, to give it back to the country through the prayers of contemplatives and under the *cornette* of that most lovable of social workers, the Sisters of Charity.

But now, as never, we must contribute brains, initiative and energy to the Social Service of this country. More trained workers, men and women, must stand to witness to Catholic principles in public life. If we are to found our social institutions on firm principle, we must have social workers who know what they believe and why they believe it. Without clear faith, how is it possible to have foresight? Foresight—the most sternly practical and the most magnificently prophetic—seems to be the privilege of Christ's Church, which has seen civilizations and kingdoms rise and fall, and whose archives are a storehouse of historical experience. The Church alone stands firm against the bewildering and heart-breaking cries for temporary expedients, like a mother who will not use some dangerous anodyne which would leave lasting damage after its momentary mercy. Christianity alone is concerned with character-forming, rather than with making life pleasanter, because Christianity alone is quite sure that happiness comes from fulfilling the purpose of our creation, rather than from a life of "easy circumstances." That which is easy breeds nothing but discontent, because it gives no opportunity for vigorous exercise of the will—and cramp is the least tolerable of pains.

We who know so clearly what is our aim, are delivered from the waste of energy that so often discourages the generosity of those who have been guided by well-intentioned personal opinion. We have every reason to give our service without counting the cost. The Catholic Bureau of Social Service is a recruiting office for women, a clearing-house for demands for help from individuals or societies. *The aim of the Bureau is to enlist voluntary workers for other Catholic societies and for National Social Service and to give advice on vocational training for professional Social Service.* Constantly, enquiries come from those who want to know what fields of work are open to the Catholic woman who can give one or two hours voluntary work every week, or from those who have a case requiring the help of some Catholic society, and do not know to which society to apply. In this case, the Bureau acts as advisor, and time is saved. The Bureau has now been working since April last, and has had practical experience of the splendid work done by the various Catholic societies with whom work is exchanged. The Bureau is constantly recruiting and passing on Care-Committee workers, Guide-Captains, Club-Leaders, etc. And the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is dealing, in a similar way with all offers of help received from men and boys.

*Your Work is Waiting for You.* No one's energy can be spared. Everyone's time, influence, alms, initiative and hard work are in demand many times over. What is your contribution to be? *Whatsoever He saith unto you do it.*<sup>1</sup>

T.O.S.F.

## SHELLEY: A MYSTIC MANQUÉ?

A RECENTLY published book, "Shelley's Lost Letters to Harriet,"<sup>2</sup> containing the nine letters which Shelley wrote to his first wife before and after his elopement with Mary Godwin, will be received with mixed feelings by lovers of his poetry. Most people, we fancy, will resent their delight in a poet's intellectual achievement being challenged and checked by their dislike of his moral weakness. Enjoyment of a peaceful tramp in the country is often marred by the noise and smell of motor-traffic,—this alas! even in places which should be sacred to the harassed pedestrian,—still it can be argued that what offends some is a source of enjoyment to others. To the happy motorist, no doubt the pedestrian seems an object of pity,—dusty, weary, a blot on the landscape. But when it is a question of dragging into the light of day the sorry and sordid details of a poet's private life, when above all it is a question, as in this case, of publishing what a critic calls "a handful of squalid letters tucked away in the files of a law-suit,"<sup>3</sup> which throw no useful light, but rather a cruel and sordid glare, on the sad story of Shelley's treatment of his wife, it would seem that no sound argument can be adduced in justification. "What purpose [says the same critic] can the rediscovery of these letters serve—these feeble, ugly ravings of a distracted young man of 19 years, this medley of calf-cowardice and puppy-self-delusion? . . . Who is the better? The lovers of poetry? But they care not a whit for the fallen body of the ascended spirit. . . ."<sup>4</sup>

Most readers will agree almost wholly with Mr. Wolfe. To the lovers of poetry a perfect poem is a perfect poem, however imperfect be the poet. To the lovers of music a fine baritone is a fine baritone, though it belong to a sailor with a wife in every port. Will anyone contend that Marlowe's mighty line loses anything of its majesty because poor Kit was a frequenter of low taverns? Or that Byron's licentiousness detracts from the spiritual beauty

<sup>1</sup> Write to the Catholic Bureau of Social Service (C.W.L.), 70, Victoria Street, S.W.1; or to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, 66, Victoria Street, S.W.1, and ask for an appointment. You will receive a very sincere welcome. Please head your letter: *Month Contingent*.

<sup>2</sup> Edited by Dr. Leslie Hotson, London, 1930.

<sup>3</sup> Humbert Wolfe in *The Week-end Review*, March 22, 1930.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

of his "Ave Maria"? Has anyone ever found that the sacred river ran less mysteriously through those caverns measureless to man because Coleridge was a drug-addict? Those feats of the spirit take no taint from the sinful medium through which they came into being. Yet in regard of the particular "ascended spirit" who was Shelley, one finds it hard to say with perfect sincerity "I care not a whit for the fallen body." Because poor Shelley was grievously handicapped from the start: he had not the chances others had: still, his spirit "ascended" even before the close of his short life, and, but for his moral handicap, would have soared much higher. The subjection of the body to the spirit is the aim of the convinced Christian. Would not Shelley the Catholic have been a greater poet than Shelley the Atheist, however much we consider his atheistic and anarchical views to be the fruits of his unhappy upbringing? Had he only entered at birth on the spiritual heritage of his Catholic ancestors,<sup>1</sup> instead of being brought up in the uncongenial and numbing atmosphere of a rigid Protestantism: had he, on leaving his "cold fireside and alienated hearth," come under the spiritual guidance of, say, the Jesuits at Stonyhurst, then recently transferred from Bruges, or of the Benedictines, lately settled at Acton Burnell, instead of spending those unhappy years at Eton, where "the voices of his schoolmates sounded to him as but one echo from a world of woes": he would have found in the wonders of Catholic theology or the romance of the Church's history, or, like Dante, in the soarings of Catholic speculation, abundant and fitting material for his poetic genius: certainly in that event, that wild and bitter pamphlet, "The Necessity of Atheism," which brought about his expulsion from Oxford, would never have been written. He never knew Christianity, and the pseudo-religion he encountered only confirmed in him a morbid sense of ill-usage, provoking him to defy conventions and flaunt his immature opinions in the face of an uncompromising and uncomprehending world. The resulting breach in his relations with family and friends was complete, and the eccentric child, the egoistic youth, developed into the wild visionary ever beating against the bars of life.

He wished to reform Society, but knew nothing of what God Himself had set up as the Light of the World and the Salt of the Earth, the Church Catholic with all her apparatus for teaching, strengthening and healing. His metaphysics had no solid foundation in reason, and pathetic futility pervaded all his efforts for social reform. He did not know the vision given to those who have faith or the force which accompanies humility.

<sup>1</sup> See "The Spiritual Ancestry of Shelley," by K. C. Macdonald, *THE MONTH*, November, 1925, p. 419.

The fact that, alone and unguided, Shelley progressed from the reasoned and bitter atheism of his adolescence to the eager and unrestrained pantheism that marks his later work, indicates that this wayward spirit was always striving upwards, was finding the need of Something beyond the materialism and naturalism that hemmed it in on all sides. Progressing thus far in ten short years, who can say whether, spared another ten, he would not perhaps have come to recognize and acclaim the One True God, Sole Cause of all the Beauty that he saw in Nature: the Lover of the Poor for whom he felt so keenly? And this consideration evokes the thought of the rich harvest of mystical poetry that might have been bequeathed to us by this wayward, perverted genius who so strangely failed to see, with all his gifts of insight, "God's pure heights of beauty," of which Elizabeth Browning writes in her sonnet on "Hiram Powers's Greek Slave," that "Beauty that doth leave all beauty pain," as Francis Thompson found to his most happy cost.

In his Nature lyrics he clothes his subjects with a delicate immaterial loveliness peculiarly his own, and indicative of deep mystical conceptions. Of them Francis Thompson wrote that "the very grass is all arustle with lovely Spirit things, and a weeping mist of music fills the air."<sup>1</sup> Had Catholicism warmed and vitalized those lovely Spirit things and shone athwart those mists of music, what an added glory would have been theirs! Always susceptible to the uplifting influence of Nature, how clearly would he have seen everywhere the immanent God!

If mysticism is contact with the essence of things, ultimate realities, there are passages in the "Ode to the West Wind" that breathe in their thought and imagery a genuinely mystical spirit. For instance,

" Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. . . ."

" Make me Thy lyre!" What more perfect prayer could be addressed by a creature to his God? And how many of His saints have indeed been lyres on which He has played a divine accompaniment to the poetry of lives dedicated to His Love.

I have said that Shelley progressed from Atheism to Pantheism. In "Adonais" there are indications that he found even this latter attitude of mind not wholly in accord with his instinctive craving for the perfection of Beauty, and that he did not easily accept his self-imposed belief in the absorption of the soul after death.

<sup>1</sup> Essay on Shelley.

In fact, he gives expression, as it were in spite of himself, to a belief in personal immortality:

" . . . my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given:  
The massy earth, the spherèd skies are riven:  
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar,  
Where, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,  
The soul of Adonais like a star  
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are."

How can these lines be interpreted except as in accord with the Christian doctrine of the individual survival of the soul after death, and, indeed, as in direct contradiction to the pantheism expressed in the same poem, *e.g.*,

" He is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely;"

or

" He is made one with Nature: . . . "

and again,

" . . . the pure Spirit shall flow  
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,  
A portion of the Eternal, . . . "

It is as if a conflict were being waged in his soul, the keener because of his fine sensitiveness, between an intellectual prejudice and an innate conviction. Pantheism bade him regard the soul of his friend as continuing to live only as a constituent of "That Light whose smile kindles the Universe"; but he could not believe, any more than could Horace with his "non omnis moriar," that the bright spirit of Keats would lose its identity and be worse off than when chained to the body. If surviving, then individual: if immortal, then personally so. Consequently he is for ever conscious of a sense of dissatisfaction, of incompleteness, of want. "Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind than calm on waters seen," he once wrote; and it was no doubt the unrest of which St. Augustine speaks, the unrest that is never stilled till the soul finds its Creator. If only Shelley had found his way into the Church of his forefathers, then would his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" have been comparable with Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven"; then, too, we may hope, would he have anticipated our modern poet as the lyrist of Mystical Beauty.

S.B.

## SCIENCE AND THE MISSIONARIES.

A SUNDAY paper recently contained an article by an eminent man of science upon foreign missions, for which he had some little good to say, but more that was adverse to their methods. He wished that more and more men would go into "native" lands to teach them hygiene and so forth, animated by the spirit of the missionaries but not entangled in their creeds. Since it is from their creed that they derive their spirit, this would be difficult. However, when the professor rebuked them for their lack of previous study, of anthropology, ethnology, comparative religion especially, the present writer sent a note to the paper in question, denying much of the validity of the professor's argument, and offering plenty of evidence concerned with missionary study. The editor, however, cut out all the evidence, leaving a seemingly ill-mannered and unsupported contradiction, for which I felt it my duty to apologize to the professor. I do not propose to recapitulate all the evidence I offered; but, since then, a correspondent has kindly sent me a cutting from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* (December 6, 1929), a journal not suspected of Catholic or Christian leanings. It contains an extract from the report of Dr. E. Vatter, who led the expedition sent by the Frankfurt Ethnological Museum to the Dutch East Indies, 1928-1929; from it I extract the following passage:

Large circles not only in Europe but also in India hold themselves sceptic and even hostile in regard of the work of the Missions. The Missions are said to destroy the ancient "culture" and even to spoil the character of the natives. [Dr. V. then agrees that anyone of right feeling will deplore the disappearance of natives and their culture; adding, that Christian missions are only one of the factors working towards the changes of culture in such races; Mohammedan and Chinese influences have also for long been energizing in the districts he is considering.] (But) we gained the most favourable impression of the work of the Catholic Missionaries in Flores and the Solo islands. No doubt the Society of the Divine Word occupies a special position, since the study of ethnology plays an important part in its missionaries' education. A whole catalogue of leading ethnologists belongs to this Society. Such a schooling opens the eyes to the special worth of other cultures, and permits the recognition of Humanity in the soul and in the creations of the Primitives too. "Not the destruction of the old religion and customs, but to build upon them is our programme," said to us the director of the Larantoeka mission. Take what view of the conversion of the heathen you please, anyone who

knows the work of the missionaries intimately must be filled with the highest admiration for their idealism, their understanding not only of the spiritual but also of the practical needs of the natives, their readiness to help and their unselfishness and also their visible success in the teaching, education, and general care of the natives. Wherever they work, they have won to themselves the younger generation, and this success gives absolute justification to their work.

You may safely say that it is not in the Christianized parts of such lands that morals or even arts and crafts have deteriorated.

I have to confess that my invariable experience of commercial men or officials from (say) Central Africa has been that they draw a sharp distinction between Catholic and other missions. Without, however, making invidious comparisons, I must say that the attitude of Catholic missionaries to the Australian Blacks and to Maoris in New Zealand (very different propositions) seemed to me as scientific no less than as spiritual as you could wish. May all our missionary colleges make so sound a preparation of their younger men. May the Louvain *Semaine de Missiologie* (founded on the whole by my own loved professor, Fr. Bouvier, killed during the war) obtain many more adherents from England than it does. And may no student dispense himself from the study of Fr. Pinard de la Boullaye's volumes on Comparative Religion, than which nothing exists better in the world.

Mention of the *Semaine de Missiologie*, which held its seventh annual session at Louvain last year, suggests that the vast scope of Catholic Missionary training and achievement is wholly unknown to the professor. In the "Comptes Rendus" of these gatherings, he might have learned how missionaries from every land "pool" their studies and observations on questions of ethnology, language, history, racial customs, etc., etc., and how minutely every avenue of approach to the native mind is surveyed and mapped out. And if he extended his researches to the various missionary periodicals, published in every European tongue, he would find in their columns very much information that would be welcomed in secular scientific journals. Some of them, indeed, are filed by the British Museum on account of their contributions to various branches of science. If from the literature of scientific exploration one were to deduct the missionary contribution an immense and irremediable gap would be created. The Early Franciscan histories of Mexico and California, for instance, and the Jesuit Relations concerning America and Canada, supply historical information, which would otherwise be lost, about aboriginal peoples who cannot be well governed or properly treated except in the light of their past. Of course the missionary's first concern is the eternal salvation of those for whom he labours, and, in the eyes of those whose gaze is con-

fined to this earth, he may seem sometimes to be wasting his energies, but experience has shown that even the by-products of his labours do more for the real civilization of his flock than any direct endeavour at their material advancement. In other words, knowledge and practice of the true religion must needs civilize modern savages as it did ancient pagans.

C.C.M.

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"THE BLIGHT THAT FAILED."

UNDER this humorous perversion of the title of one of Rudyard Kipling's novels Charles Scribner's Sons have circulated an illuminating exposure of the tactics of Christian Scientists in dealing with hostile criticism. For many years past those who have interested themselves in the history of the new cult have been aware that down to a very recent date there was only one book which presented the facts of Mary Baker Eddy's troubled career with any completeness or with any attempt at research. This was the *Life* published in 1909 by Georgine Milmine, in compiling which she was assisted, it is interesting to note, by Miss Willa Cather, the author of "*Death comes for the Archbishop*." Miss Milmine's investigations were carried out with a thoroughness which is beyond praise. Appearing in the first instance in "*McClure's Magazine*" they were illustrated with many facsimiles of documents and of newspaper advertisements, as well as of notices and letters contemporaneous with Mrs. Eddy's early career. They demonstrate in particular, beyond all possibility of reply, that the Foundress of Christian Science owed all that was distinctive in her system, denying the reality of disease, to P. P. Quimby, whose disciple she was at one time proud to call herself and to whom, as long as he lived, she had recourse in her hysterical maladies, begging, when a personal interview was impossible, that he would come to her rescue by "absent treatment." Miss Milmine's book was so fully documented that answer was impossible, and, in point of fact, no serious refutation has ever been attempted.

But the organization established by Mrs. Eddy under the name of "The Christian Science Committee on Publication" had a better way of dealing with such difficulties than by answering them. When any book or article commenting unfavourably on Mrs. Eddy or her system was known to have appeared or even to be in preparation, this Committee, which had active representatives everywhere in the greater centres of population, busied itself in threatening to make matters unpleasant for all who disregarded its warnings. Publishers, the editors of periodicals and booksellers were given to understand that the dissemination of litera-

ture which the Committee regarded as hostile to the cause would be visited by what was practically a strenuous boycott, enforced by the Christian Science members of their clientèle and by all whom these could influence. The Christian Science community may not be very numerous, but it is wealthy and influential, and it must be admitted that until quite recently these tactics have been surprisingly successful. Take, for example, the Georgine Milmine Life, the importance of which no one who has spent half an hour in examining it can possibly mistake. Now if any English student who was ignorant of the subject wanted to obtain some reliable information about Christian Science, he would, we venture to say, almost inevitably begin his investigation by turning to either "The Encyclopædia Britannica" (1911 or 1929), or the "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics" (1910), or to "Chambers' Encyclopædia" (1923), in the hope at least of finding an indication of the most important sources to be consulted. In no one of these will he discover the least reference to the Milmine Life, unless indeed one is prepared to regard as an indirect reference the remark in Chambers that "the *only* authentic biography is by Miss Sibyl Wilbur."

But there is more than this. Four or five years ago the book called "The Faith, Falsehood and Failure of Christian Science" made it known not only that the Milmine Life had been allowed to go out of print, but that the plates had been broken up, and that a firm anxious to republish it had been told that the copyright was not for sale. In agreement with this the circular before us records:

After many attacks upon it, the original (Milmine) manuscript and the plates passed into the hands of Christian Scientists. As recently as 1921 a prominent publishing firm withdrew an entire volume of an encyclopædic work because it contained a chapter on Mrs. Eddy which its Christian Scientists did not like. "The Memoirs of Mary Baker Eddy," by Adam Dickey, were withdrawn by his widow almost simultaneously with publication in 1927, and distributed copies were bought back.

But the main purpose of the circular referred to is to tell in some detail the story of the campaign against that still more complete exposure of Mrs. Eddy by Mr. E. Franden Dakin which the Scribner Company published last year under the title "Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind." Miss Milmine wrote when Mrs. Eddy was still living, but since the foundress's death much fresh information has come to light, more particularly regarding the later stages of her extraordinary career. All this Mr. Dakin has incorporated in his very outspoken volume, and though he, perhaps with the desire of seeming impartial, pro-

fesses an admiration for Mrs. Eddy's dauntless tenacity of purpose, in spite of her age and infirmity, which we confess we find it hard to share, still even his commendations were not of a kind to please Christian Scientists. They have therefore strained every nerve to smother the book, and Messrs. Scribner give a very interesting account of the methods which have been employed. Even before it appeared, a representative of the Christian Science Publication Committee called upon the publishers and after pointing out that it was "a very serious matter to offend several million people," he suggested that the manuscript should be submitted to his Committee for censorship. This proposal, of course, was rejected and the volume on its appearance created a considerable commotion. Then the Christian Science representatives tackled the booksellers and brought every kind of pressure to bear in order to persuade them not to supply the book, or at least not to display it prominently, and a similar effort was made in many cases with the directors of public libraries. Simultaneously with this the publishers were inundated with letters of protest which, though coming from different parts of America, often exhibited a strange resemblance in phraseology as if some Head Quarters organization had supplied specimens of the kind of letter it would be desirable to write. A further effort took the shape of indignant remonstrances addressed to the editors of all journals which reviewed the book favourably or even allowed it to be advertised conspicuously in their columns.

Some effect was undoubtedly produced by this campaign. Many booksellers refused to handle the volume. We venture to quote one out of a number of specimens which the circular supplies.

Due to the violent protest of the Science Church in our city (Detroit), and the boycott on our store by these good people, we have been forced to withdraw the sale of your book "Mrs. Eddy" from our store. We are not in business to offend classes, and this group of people are good book buyers and are very close friends of our establishment. We are the third bookstore in our city to withdraw the sale of this book. The first company was the largest department store in our city. It is quite evident from our experience that we made a great mistake in displaying this book at all. As time goes on you will probably feel that you have made an error in publishing this title.

It seems, however, that Messrs. Scribner have won through. They quote a resolution, passed unanimously at a meeting of the Authors' Guild on December 20, congratulating them on their courageous resistance to intimidation; but what is a more substantial proof of their conviction that public opinion supports them is the fact that, after three impressions of the book in

its original form have been sold out, they are now announcing "a popular low-priced edition" at two dollars.

The contest thus briefly outlined has more than one point of interest for Catholics. If anyone should be tempted to think that Christian Scientists have only been doing what we ourselves attempt to do, but with far less energy, in resisting the dissemination of books which we as Catholics consider obnoxious, he would do well to bear in mind one supremely important difference between the two cases. We do not greatly relish historical works, particularly text-books for young students, which make capital out of the abuses prevalent in the mediæval Church, or out of the accusations brought against the Papacy, but so long as such authors are supported by the verdict of sound scholarship no effort is made to suppress them. It is the repetition of falsehoods which have been refuted which Catholics object to, and they meet such literature by an appeal to investigations which have been undertaken or corroborated by authorities who are not of their own faith. In contrast to this the more substantial points raised by Miss Milmine and Mr. Dakin have never been refuted. They depend for the most part on evidence which has not been challenged and which cannot be challenged. Adam Dickey was an ardent Christian Scientist, the intimate friend of Mrs. Eddy in her last days, but his revelations were in conflict with the legend of superhuman attributes with which the Reverend Mother was supposed to be endowed and it was at once suppressed. Surely it is significant that both Mr. H. A. Fisher and Mr. Wortham, writing after a careful study of the evidence, have arrived almost simultaneously at conclusions which do not appreciably differ from those of Mr. Dakin and Miss Milmine.

H.T.

## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

### The Result of three months Naval Debate.

One of the Labour Ministers said the other day that he was glad that people were disappointed with the results, so far, of the Naval Conference.

"Better resentment than apathy," was the idea behind his words: conferences will succeed or fail according as they have the force of public opinion behind them or not. One real benefit arising from the London Conference, which has so fallen short of expectations in other respects, has been this education of public opinion. An object-lesson has been provided of the essential inter-dependence of modern states. The very disagreement between Italy and France about relative naval strength is a sign that both powers recognize that there should be *some* fixed relation; regulation is a step, at least, towards abolition. We can

but hope that public opinion in both these countries will be educated by degrees to see that mutual security is to be gained more speedily and surely, and much more economically, by drastic reduction of armaments and reliance on the League of Nations, than by competition in strength. There are the fruitful germs of a common-sense arrangement in Italy's offer to cut down her navy to the bone, even though the proviso—"so that she is not less strong than the strongest European power"—due to considerations of prestige, prevents its present acceptance by France whose naval needs are greater. There is no solution of the problem except by a political understanding between the two Powers which would make war between them "unthinkable." Then their respective naval strength would also cease to be matter for thought. If both fleets were relatively weak, it would not, surely, matter if France had a few cruisers more for over-seas service. In any case the worst thing that could now happen would be press-recriminations, and the endeavour to find a scapegoat for the failings of the Conference. No doubt, irresponsible scribes in all countries will thus endeavour to make bad blood. The Hearst press in America, which in its day drove the States into war with Spain, is now trying to sow distrust between America and ourselves, by accusing Mr. MacDonald of insincerity and double-dealing. This sinister and cynical attempt—for the same papers praised the Premier just as extravagantly six months before—is another instance of the danger, not only to domestic government but also to international relations, of uncurbed Press monopoly. Public opinion is largely at the mercy of the Press, yet a millionaire can get almost complete control of this machine and mould public opinion at his will. It is a problem for statesmen to solve.

**No Automatic  
War  
Commitments.**

We do not understand the principle, which apparently the Prime Minister has adopted, of "No more commitments," except on the grounds that we are already "committed" so thoroughly by existing pacts and agreements that any further engagement is superfluous. All members of the League are committed to economic and armed sanctions against any member which breaks the world's peace. By the Locarno Treaty (Article III.) "Germany and Belgium, and Germany and France, undertake to settle by peaceful means, and in the manner laid down herein, all questions of every kind which may arise between them," and both Italy and Great Britain guarantee that Treaty by engaging to oppose, again by arms, whichever Power violates it. Then comes the Kellogg Pact whereby this country, as well as 59 others, including the United States, solemnly undertake to banish war altogether from international relation, except in the solitary case of self-defence. The words of this far-reaching undertaking, to which even the Soviet Government has subscribed,

should never be lost sight of when the future of humanity is being discussed. If ever the term "epoch-making" were properly attached to any diplomatic act, this particular one deserves it. Article II., the effective part of the Pact, reads—

The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts, of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall *never* be sought except by pacific means.

Accordingly, Great Britain is committed to refrain from war and to help to make others refrain by three solemn instruments, the first of which already covers any possible outbreak of hostilities between France and Italy in the Mediterranean. But in this case, as under the other engagements, there is no automatic commitment. It is for the nation finally to decide whether the conditions contemplated by Article XVI. of the League or by the Locarno Treaty have actually arisen. The unanimous decision of the League Council, excluding the vote of the nation arraigned before it, must precede action, and Great Britain is a permanent member of the Council. So the bugbear of those who imagine that, by its treaties, this country, or any other for that matter, may find itself involved in war against its own interests or sense of justice, is wholly imaginary.

**The Fruits  
of the  
Conference.**

Besides the immense advantage of bringing into clear view the two opposed principles which have caused the Naval Conference to fall short

of its full objects,—the principle of security, maintained by armed alliances, and that of security sought in mutual good will backed by international law,—the twelve weeks' discussion has been abundantly fruitful. What the Three Power Geneva Conference failed to do in 1927 has been happily accomplished in this. As regards America, Great Britain and Japan, the work begun at the Washington Conference of 1922, has now been completed. The three countries propose to effect a genuine limitation, not only in two but in the whole five categories of warships, and to maintain them, for the term of the arrangement, in a fixed agreed proportion. The effective banishing of competition between these three navies is a great step in advance. Nine battleships in all are to be scrapped without replacement,—a great university could be endowed with the yearly maintenance-cost of one,—and of the 26 battleships to be constructed under the terms of the Washington Treaty between now and 1936, not one will be laid down before that date: a saving of between 160 and 180 million pounds. When things were going wrong at the Geneva Conference, *The Times* wrote:

It is quite intolerable that a Conference summoned for the

purpose of strengthening the foundations of peace, should evoke visions of immense rivalries at sea, of possible wars, of conflicts of which no one has even dreamed. (July 23, 1927.)

That futile result, at any rate, has been avoided on this occasion.

**Fascism  
and  
Militarism.**

There is a peace-movement in almost all European countries and in the United States. Germany, where militarism flourished so, contains many groups, mainly Catholic, which are working for Christian peace. In France, too, militarized as it has become through the Law of Universal Conscription, it is not only the Socialists that aim at the abolition of war. Catholics there are labouring to keep the movement on Christian lines. In this country, with perhaps questionable expediency, the Government has gone so far as to withdraw grants of public money from the various School Cadet Corps. But there is one European country in which one never hears of a peace-movement. That country is Italy. His Holiness and his predecessors have vehemently counselled peace, and have laid down the general lines on which it should be sought, but there is no Italian Catholic body actively trying to organize public opinion in favour of the abolition of war and the pursuance of peace policies. The tendency, we fear, is all the other way. Under Fascism, there can be no organizations which have not Government approval, and the single aim of the Fascist Government is to indoctrinate the whole country, through the schools and universities, with military ideas—always, of course, under plea of national defence. This procedure might be reasonable before 1919, but then the League of Nations was inaugurated as a beginning of a new international era. It is hard to justify it now, especially in the form it has taken in Italy, where not only the students of the universities are now "marshalled under the lictor's emblems," but the Rectors, Heads of Faculties, and Heads of Secondary Schools must qualify for their posts by having been sound Fascists for five years. We can only trust that the ordinary teaching of the Church in the pulpit and in the school which, thanks to the Concordat, is now restored to its vigour, may serve to counteract and check the otherwise inevitable result of creating a militarist nation, and that the Pope's clear and cogent teaching on the nature and competence of the State may ultimately prevail over what may become a false national idealism.

**Is Imperialism  
Reviving ?**

Owing to the poverty of the English language, which has no adjectives or abstract nouns corresponding to the term "Commonwealth" as there are in connection with "Empire," those who wish to banish the latter ill-omened word from the political

vocabulary are at present under a handicap. Obviously, neither "Commonwealthy" nor "Commonwealthism" can meet the need, and so there is a danger that, with the constant use of "Imperialism," "Imperial," and "Empire" itself, in connection with a federation of independent self-governing communities which bears no resemblance to an Empire in the old sense, there may return into political thought, former ideas of dominance and isolation which are not in harmony with modern facts. There are people who dislike the United Empire Party on that account alone,—without any reference to its fiscal policy. It is all to the good that the Commonwealth, or England as its centre, should be less dependent on foreign supplies, for it is that dependence which justifies the maintenance of a huge fleet. But the idea of a self-supporting organism, able on that account to impose tariff-taxes on the rest of the world and to prosper at its expense, betokens a relapse into the pre-war mentality which exalted private interests above the common good. It will not do to cite as an analogy the Federation of the United States which is thus economically organized, and proportionately self-reliant. Presumably the individual States find it more profitable to merge their fiscal independence in the Federal government: it may be of the essence of the constitution. But the British Commonwealth of Nations represents a further stage in the evolution of democracy, and to endeavour to organize it on a commercial basis, with money-making and financial power its highest aim, would seem to be a retrograde and selfish policy, unworthy of a great community. Without denying that in certain circumstances tariffs may be necessary—to develop a new industry, for instance, in a country well-fitted for it—they are essentially an endeavour to benefit one party by injuring others—the importer who is taxed, the consumer who has to pay more. Sir C. Morrison Bell has shown, by his famous exhibition of tariff-walls, how the restoration of European prosperity has been, and is still being, retarded by the short-sighted desire of every State to raise revenue by tariffs. It would be better—the attempt is already being made in the coal trade—to aim at some policy of international fair trade which would leave no room for economic imperialism. The Commonwealth is immensely rich in raw materials and food products. It grows 27 per cent of the world's wheat, 66 per cent of the rice, 89 per cent of the rubber: it produces 71 per cent of the gold, 42 per cent of the tin, 88 per cent of the nickel. It grazes 53 per cent of the world's cattle and 51 per cent of its sheep.<sup>1</sup> It is, therefore, to a large extent, a steward of the world's welfare, and while justified in regarding its own interests first, can afford to be generous as well as just.

<sup>1</sup> Figures from the *Review of Reviews*, March, 1930.

The  
Real Trouble in  
Palestine.

From the first we have protested in these pages against the principle of Zionism on the plain grounds that the Balfour Declaration promised this country's aid in disposing of what did not belong to it, and might as justly have undertaken to support whatever Arabs desired to found a "national home" in Spain. It is too often forgotten that as early as 1922 the House of Lords, by a decisive majority, condemned the proposal altogether as, "directly violating the pledges made by H.M. Government to the people of Palestine in the declaration of Oct. 1915, and again in the declaration of 1918." In April, 1920, Great Britain accepted the League of Nations Mandate for Palestine, but, still without warrant, included in the Mandate the Balfour promise to establish in Palestine a National Home for the Jewish people, with the significant proviso—"it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which might prejudice the civil [? political] and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country." Since a "National Home" is mere camouflage for a "State"—Zionists will be content with nothing less—it is not easy to see how this purpose can be made to harmonize with the rights of the occupying Arabs, Christian and Mohammedan. The second clause is plainly meant to conciliate the non-Zionist Jews who do not wish the establishment of the "National Home" to weaken in any way their various national citizenships. The recent Report of the Shaw Commission on the Palestinian riots has reawakened public interest in what is going on there. It appears that since 1922 the Jewish population has been more than doubled (150,000 as against 83,794), whilst the non-Jewish population has also increased in smaller proportion (739,000 as against 664,000). It is natural, as the Commissioners report, that, since the aliens are still coming in, the Arabs should fear "that by Jewish immigration and land purchase they may be deprived of their livelihood and, in time, pass under Jewish political domination." The trouble arises, as *The Times* (April 1st) frankly owns, from "the apparent [we should say, real] contradiction" in the double pledge involved in the Mandate, viz., "to further the establishment of the Jewish National Home and at the same time to safeguard the civil and religious rights of all the inhabitants of Palestine"; moreover, so to administer the country as to "facilitate" Jewish immigration and the "close settlement by Jews on the land," without prejudicing "the rights and positions" of other sections of the population. The fact that Arab tenants are being evicted from estates purchased by Jewish incomers shows how real is the contradiction of pledges. There is obviously room for that fuller investigation into the whole Palestinian status, which the Commission recommends, and no pledge, especially one entered into without the knowledge of this country, should be allowed in

any way to infringe the fundamental rights of a people to its own territory.

**Religious  
Persecution in  
Russia  
and Elsewhere.**

The Labour ministers concerned have disgusted many even of their own supporters by their hesitation, on plea of insufficient information, to denounce the war of extermination carried on by the Soviet Government against Christian civilization. Even before the Archbishop of Canterbury's forcible and well-informed speech in the House of Lords on April 2nd, the Government was sufficiently aware, unless its ignorance was wilful, of the gross offences against humanity which have marked the blood-stained tyranny of the Bolsheviks during the last decade, and particularly during the last six months. But for political and commercial reasons it has resumed diplomatic relations with those tyrants and thereby to some extent tied its own hands. Protest is ineffective, unless there is some moral or material pressure behind it, and the Labour Government has little pressure to apply. The English people as a whole have shown enough Christianity to exclaim against religious persecution because the Soviets are attacking the fundamental belief in God which is the basis of all morality. Yet it was difficult to arouse even one English newspaper to denounce the persecution of religion in Mexico a year or so ago, because what was so savagely attacked there was only Catholicism. And when that same Catholic Christianity was persecuted, within the memory of this generation, in such countries as France and Portugal, there was very little righteous indignation in the English secular press. An apologist for Russia, writing, aptly enough, in the *Manchester Guardian* (March 28) owns that "the teaching of atheism in the public schools and the restrictions on giving religious teaching to young people is one of the worst forms of religious persecution," but adds that, twenty years ago, "in France a man's career in Army or Civil Service was said to be injured if he were known to be a practising Catholic." "Said to be," in reference to a notorious fact, betrays the secularist's anxiety to minimize everything that favours the Church. Other nations, it is implied, have not waited for atheist Russia's example to endeavour to put out the lights of heaven, and therefore, we must not be too hard on that zealous Government. The reproach is a just one, for it would seem that, if Russia had been content to imitate the French "laics," and had not persecuted "unto blood," "Christian" protests, lacking the stimulus of humanitarianism, would have been singularly few.

**Not merely  
Christian Belief  
but Elementary  
Morality.**

Atheists have been asking, so reports the *Manchester Guardian*, why should not an atheist Government insist on atheist schools, just as Christian Governments support and endow Christian schools. The answer is that an atheism which would

abolish, not only God, but also morality, is an enemy of the human race. The race remains human precisely because the Ten Commandments are deferred to, at least as a standard of conduct, and are enforced, as regards overt acts, by civilized legal codes. The Ten Commandments are not specifically Christian; they are not even specifically Jewish. They are the expression of the "natural law" which the Creator has engraved in the mind and heart of man. St. Paul testifies to its recognition in the Pagan world, so that Pagan corruption in view of it was "inexcusable." If the Ten Commandments had not been promulgated, they might have been discovered experimentally to be regulations which make for humanity's highest good, and enacted with the object of preserving the race from savagery. That their abolition in practice does produce savagery, we have the moral state of Russia, so far as the "anti-God" influence can penetrate, to testify. Therefore, it is no evidence of Christian or Jewish intolerance that the civilized world protests against the Soviet abolition of the Commandments: it is the spontaneous protest of rational mankind against influences which would drag it down to the brute. The moral epidemic is only beginning in Russia: it may not go very far in that huge nation of 140 million people before an outraged Providence intervenes; but its bestial character is plain. Even there some traces of civilized morality—such as are necessary for civil order—still linger, for the work of twenty centuries cannot be overthrown in ten years, but as yet the full fruit of atheist education has not matured. God forbid that it ever should.

**Press  
Irresponsibility  
in Morals.**

One had, unfortunately, to condemn the old *Daily Herald*, the chief Labour paper, for habitually inserting advertisements of birth-restriction appliances and of booklets on the subject which were thinly-disguised appeals to prurience. The practice served to link the paper, and the Labour Movement generally, with the lowest form of secularism, which invariably displays itself in licence of the sort, and the damage done to the *Herald* itself, and incidentally to the cause of Labour, by such association, was probably ill-recouped by the money thus gained. But the *Daily Herald*—we are glad to see that in its new and improved form it has seemingly excluded such advertisements—might have claimed support from the example of one of our higher-class papers, a paper which lately dismissed its Editor under circumstances which did him credit, but appears to have kept the old management. In that weekly, decent readers were lately shocked to find, not for the first time, a full-page advertisement of pernicious "Birth-Control" books, actually labelled "The Great Hope of Civilization." There may be a difference of opinion outside the Church as to the morality of this practice: unhappily our civilization is being rapidly de-Christianized in this respect, but

one expects respectable papers to defer still to the Christian feeling of, at least, some section of their readers. There is no vice which moralists rebuke in the lower orders, where bad conditions of living go far to condone depravity, which has not started amongst those who have the opportunity, if they only had the will, to live decently. There is no perversion of human wickedness which does not originate, or which is not condoned, in the writings of our educated free-thinkers and free-lovers. Yet the columns of papers which advertise immoral practices are full of denunciations of the Bolshevik who only pursues the evil to its logical conclusion. If God's prescriptions can be flouted in one matter of supremest concern, they may be flouted, as the Godless Russians flout them, in all. It is a lamentable sign of the times that high-class periodicals should, for the material gain thus secured, lend a hand to the further demoralization of the public.

Mr. Joad  
as  
Prophet. That it does not spread rapidly is not the fault, as we have often pointed out, of those who would banish denominational religion from the schools, nor of the tribe of literary immoralists

which provide too large an amount of our reading-matter. It would seem that a certain Mr. C. E. M. Joad, a member of the Civil Service, speaking at a Conference of the National Union of Students on April 2nd, implied, if he is correctly reported, that the Russian assault on Christianity is premature and superfluous. The thing was in its death-throes already, gradually sinking under the attacks of agnostic Science. He would give it another hundred years at most. "A generation is growing to maturity which is to all intents and purposes without religion. They do not believe, they do not want to believe, and the subject bores them. The present generation has shown religion to be a fiction." So the speaker, *if*, which is hard to believe, correctly reported. They didn't know everything, we are aware, "down in Judee": it is possible that the same comparative ignorance prevails in the circles frequented by Mr. Joad. Anyhow, the above utterance, insular and provincial to a degree, inevitably recalls the words of Tennyson about other narrow-minded folk—

"They take the rustic murmur of their burg  
For the loud wave that echoes round the world."

The lecturer, no doubt, has met a hundred or so young men and women, who "don't believe" and are not interested in religion. These become, in his uninformed mind, "the present generation" which has "shown religion to be a fiction," and hence his lugubrious prediction of a time-limit to Christianity. Why did not some better-read colleague remind him that his prophecy had been made before? The impending disappearance of Christianity in general, and of Catholicism in particular, has been announced so

often, from the days of Julian the Apostate downwards, that a man renders himself rather gratuitously ridiculous by joining the ranks of those discredited prophets. The milk-white Hind,

Oft doomed to death yet fated not to die,

has a way of surviving those seers who, like Mr. Joad, perceive "Science" administering to her the *coup de grâce*. Julian, indeed, thought that the Science of *his* day would explode the myth. Atheist Europe shouted with joy when the Temporal Power of the Pope was destroyed. Pius IX. was to be the last Pope. Proudhon wrote, when Renan's "Vie de Jésus" appeared—"In less than ten years there will no longer be left a single priest to administer the Holy Oils." Secularist writers are always predicting the death of "organized Christianity" and it must have required a great deal of courage, if it does not merely connote a veritable abyss of ignorance, for a modern speaker to echo these periodic futilities. Still, these public pronouncements by those who should know better do not a little harm amongst the semi-educated, who need the sanctions of Christianity to help them to stem the tide of passion, and those who make them must share with the Soviets the terrible responsibility of corrupting youth.

**Wrong Ethical Views.** The best way of learning one's faith is to try to teach it to others, as many members of the Apostolic League, the Catholic Evidence Guild, and similar societies must have experienced.

One is thus taught not to venture on assertions which are unsound, at the risk of scandal. A statement contrary to Catholic faith or morals gives one the greater shock, if it comes from a person whose faith and morals are supposed to derive from the Church's teaching. It was startling, therefore, to read the other day in a Catholic paper a plea in justification of pornographic writers, to the effect that, Catholics or not, only so can they hope to make a living! Only less grave is the ignorance of the ethics of temperance sometimes displayed by Catholics who are, no doubt, justly annoyed by the fact or the threat of Prohibition. Writing in these pages in September 1927, we spoke of some Catholics "being so ill-instructed in morals as to reckon total abstinence from strong drink, commended as it is by our spiritual leaders and writers on ascetics, as in some sort an offence against moderation." A specimen of this ignorance has lately escaped editorial correction in a letter published in an American Catholic weekly, noted for its vigorous polemic against Prohibition. The writer says: "Of course, total abstinence in principle is precisely as intemperate as actual debauchery." It is the self-confident "of course," indicating that the writer is enunciating a commonly-accepted proposition, that moves one's moral indignation. It is quietly assumed that moderate drinking, a merely natural func-

tion, is a Christian virtue against which abstinence, one vicious extreme, sins by defect as the other, debauchery, does by excess. The fact is that the dictum—"In medio stat virtus"—has no application here. The virtue of temperance means self-control, which is either exhibited by taking no strong liquor at all, or by taking it in reasonable quantities. Our Lord drank wine, sparingly, we may suppose; St. John the Baptist drank none; both were admirable examples of temperance. Assuming that moderate drinking has bodily well-being for its object, excess would defeat that object and is therefore wrong, but who would venture to say that total abstinence was wrong because normally injurious to health? One might as well hold that the marriage-state is the "golden mean" of which celibacy forms one vicious extreme. The reasonableness of Catholic ethics on the drink question is one of the most potent of the forces that are working in the States for the withdrawal of a wholly unethical enactment; it is all the more important that they should be correctly stated.

**"The so-called  
Rights  
of Animals."**

A recent correspondence in *The Tablet* reveals a sort of doubt in the minds of some Catholics, which is constantly recurring, regarding the ethical correctness of the Church, i.e., of the accredited teaching of the Church as voiced by her theologians, in regard to the relations between the human race and what we call the lower animal creation. The periodic recurrence of this doubt points either to some ambiguity in the Church's teaching—for on a point of morals she is guaranteed against error—or to some misunderstanding on the part of the faithful which should be removed.

Very often when explaining some ethical standpoint, theologians have in view some prevalent error and their language is meant to refute as well as to explain. That is so, we fancy, in this case of the heading of a section in a well-known manual of ethics, Father Rickaby's *Moral Philosophy*,—"The so-called Rights of Animals"—which is clearly not meant to imply that animals may be treated as we please, but is rather directed against those who maintain that animals have "rights" in the strict philosophical sense, in the sense that human beings have rights towards one another. If the term is used correctly, "rights" can belong only to "persons," i.e., to those who, having immortal souls, are endowed with reason and free will. Only between such persons can arise "rights," i.e., moral claims, to be respected by others on the score of justice or charity, which connote corresponding duties. To assert that the brute creation has, in that sense, rights against us, would be to endow it with personality—to the manifest confusion of all morality. For if animals are "persons" in the sense that we are, we do wrong in enslaving them and worse in killing them: they have rational souls, and consequently immediate and individual relations with their Creator. This the

Church does not teach and has never taught: she has, on the contrary, taught that man alone has a rational soul and the rights that inhere in personality: a sufficient proof that there is this radical distinction between rational and irrational animals, for she is commissioned to teach all truth.

**Why  
Cruelty is  
Wrong.**

But the denial of personal rights to animals does not mean that they are left helpless to our caprice, or that we do not sin when we expose them to unnecessary suffering. He that numbers

the sparrows wishes us to show due consideration towards those sentient beings which He has created to help us to serve Him. In this fallen world some are harmful and must be destroyed, or else they will destroy or harm us. In any case, we are always justified in subordinating the interests of animals to ours. But to indulge in cruelty for cruelty's sake, because of some perverse instinct in us which finds pleasure in the contemplation of suffering,—that is to abuse the rights God has given us over them, and is always sinful. By condemning such abuse and providing it with the sanction of divine penalties, the Christian religion better secures the humane treatment of the lower animals than it would by wrongly elevating them, as materialists do, to the same scale of being as ourselves, only accidentally differentiated by the chances of evolution. The danger of unChristian humanitarianism arises from its ignoring the difference in kind between the irrational animals and ourselves. It is probably on that account that a movement in Spain for the better treatment of animals—where such a movement is really needed—has not hitherto met with much success. It is associated with some non-Catholic organizations, the ethics of which are necessarily suspect. But the Church, which acclaims the perfect sanctity of Francis of Assisi, has thereby set the seal of her approval on the Franciscan spirit, which, for love of the Creator, treats all creation with humanity and kindness. Catholics, no less than others, have still much to learn from St. Francis.

**The "Historic  
(Anglican)  
Episcopate."**

A discussion has lately been started in *The Times* about the "Historic Episcopate"—the claim made by the Anglican Church to have preserved unbroken succession in the Episcopal order from the time of the Apostles, which claim only a certain section of that Church maintains as part of its essential constitution. For even so fundamental a matter as that is an "open question" in this singular body. The discussion has arisen proximately on occasion of the publication of the Report of Archbishops' Committee on "Faith and Order in the Church"—a document giving the Anglican views of the proposals of the Lausanne Con-

ference,—but the subject has been in the air ever since the scheme for the amalgamation of South Indian Anglicanism with certain Nonconformist bodies has been mooted. The correspondence has had the effect of recalling a period in the history of Anglicanism which many of its members would like to ignore or forget—the century or so which elapsed before 1661, at which date, as Macaulay notes, “episcopal ordination was *for the first time* made an indispensable condition for Church preferment.” It was only, then, when Dissent became aggressive, that Anglicanism be-thought itself of the doctrine of Apostolic Succession as necessary for the validity of Orders, so as better to combat the pretensions of Presbyterianism. Previously the teaching of Cranmer that “election” by the monarch was enough to create a Bishop, and of Barlow, who told Henry in 1540 that “if the king’s grace, being supreme head of the Church of England, should elect any layman to be a Bishop, without mention made of any Orders, he should be as good a Bishop as the best in England,” was a fairly common view. One could fill pages with denunciations of the idea of a sacrificial priesthood by the various reformers—Latimer, Hooper, Jewel, Whittaker, Fulke—who shaped the early doctrine of the Establishment. Even “the judicious Hooker” owned that “There may be sometimes very just and sufficient reason to allow ordination made without a bishop,” as, for instance, “when the exigence of necessity doth constrain to leave the usual ways of the Church.”<sup>1</sup> Keble, who edited Hooker’s Works, admits in his preface “that our early divines never venture to urge the exclusive claim of the government by archbishop or bishop, or connect the [Apostolic] succession with the validity of the holy Sacraments.” And, during that century, unordained laymen were, as a matter of fact, not infrequently appointed to cures in the Anglican Church. Moreover, as laymen were admitted as ordinary ministers, so also they were consecrated bishops, without previous ordination. A correspondent in *The Times* (April 9th) recalls the consecration at Lambeth in 1660 by Archbishop Bancroft of three Presbyterian ministers to be bishops of Scottish sees, Bancroft declaring, when the question of first ordaining them was raised, that Presbyterian ordination was enough. The Report of the Faith and Order Committee represents Dr. Headlam of Gloucester amongst others as holding similar views to-day, so that there is plenty of precedent for the ignoring of episcopal ordination in the South Indian scheme.

THE EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup> Works: Vol. III., Book vii., chap. xiv.

### III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Peace**, The true basis of [*Universe* leader, April 4, 1930].

**Prayer**, The Divine Office as [T. B. Moore, O.S.B., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, April 1930, p. 381].

**Temptation**, Moral duties regarding [*Catholic Gazette*, April 1930, p. 118].

#### CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Anglicanism**, The Clash of Principles in [J. Keating, S.J., in *Month*, May 1930, p. 385].

**Barnes**, Bishop and the Godhead of Christ [Alfred Noyes in *Dublin Review*, April 1930, p. 199].

**Catholic Education** penalized in Belfast [*Catholic Times*, April 11 and 18, 1930].

**Conversion to Catholicism**, In defence of [Sir James Marchant, K.B.E., in *Dublin Review*, April 1930, p. 177].

**Parental Duties** neglected [Dr. Mary Cardwell in *Catholic Gazette*, April 1930, p. 115].

**Protestantism**, American in regard to Latin America [*Civiltà Cattolica*, March 29 and April 5, 1930].

**Russia**, Persecution in [Testimonies collected in *Documentation Catholique*, April 12 and 19, 1930].

**Wells**, H. G., on the future of Religion [H. Robbins in *Catholic Times*, March 28, 1930, p. 11].

#### POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Beauduin**, Dom L., and the supposed Canterbury "Patriarchate" [Outram Evennett in *Dublin Review*, April 1930, p. 243].

**Catholic Women** and Birth-Control [Mrs. V. L. Matthews, M.B.E., in *Catholic Women's Outlook*, April 1930, p. 29].

**Concordat** in Italy, The [Rev. M. Browne, D.D., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, April 1930, p. 337].

**Education** (Scotland) Act of 1913 [Mgr. Canon Miley in *Catholic Times*, April 4 and 11, 1930].

**Greek Schism**, Hopes of ending the [K. B. Winslow, O.S.B., in *Catholic Times*, April 4, 1930, p. 9].

**Religious Education**, To Revise [Canon T. Wright in *Catholic Times*, April 18, 1930, p. 12].

**Relics**: Spurious and Authentic. I. [H. Thurston, S.J., in *Month*, May 1930, p. 420].

**Sisters** of Service in Canada [A. Johnston in *Month*, May 1930, p. 415].

# REVIEWS

## I.—THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY, VI.<sup>1</sup>

THE difficulties which must inevitably be felt in any attempt to write a general history of a number of very different political organizations are of necessity multiplied when the period is so remote and the conditions so unfamiliar to the average reader as are those of the Middle Ages. Even in "The Cambridge Modern History" one becomes conscious that the most skilful planning and the most competent editorial revision have failed to secure that evenness of development and unity of purpose which are a factor of great importance if a book is to interest as well as to instruct. But the work of all concerned becomes immensely harder when the inquiry is pushed back into the ages of faith which entertained conceptions of politics, religion, education, and art utterly at variance with those which obtain in the modern world. Frankly it seems to us that the editors and contributors in the volume before us have undertaken an almost impossible task, and yet we are fully alive to the excellence of what has been achieved and to the candid spirit in which most of the chapters have been written.

The general title given to the volume is "The Victory of the Papacy," and the narrative covers roughly the period from 1198, the beginning of the pontificate of Pope Innocent III., down to that of Nicholas IV., who died in 1292. But, as Dr. Previté-Orton points out in his excellent Introduction, many of the chapters dealing with special aspects of mediæval life, for example those on architecture, warfare, commerce, etc., are by no means confined to those limits. In chapter xix. Professor Hamilton Thompson, who has also contributed two sections of a very different character, one on the "Art of War" and another on "Military Architecture," courageously undertakes to give an account of "Mediæval Doctrine" from the time of St. Augustine and Gregory the Great down to the Fourth Council of the Lateran in 1215. We do not doubt that he has honestly recorded his own impressions of the Church's teaching upon a number of vital matters—vital at least from a theological point of view—ranging from the primacy of the Holy See to grace, the sacraments, the real presence, penance, indulgences, and even liturgical observances; but the reader will not be able to form any idea from what is here so confidently asserted that almost every point in

<sup>1</sup> *The Cambridge Medieval History, Vol. VI. The Victory of the Papacy.* Edited by J. R. Tanner, C. W. Previté-Orton, and L. N. Brooke. Cambridge University Press. Pp. xlii. 1048. Price, 50s. net.

this exposition is contested by Catholic scholars who certainly have not paid less attention to the sources than Prof. Hamilton Thompson can have done. For example, outside the unfounded assertions of Dr. H. C. Lea, who in his "History of Confession and Indulgences," contradicts himself over and over again, we know nothing to justify such a statement as this. "As this doctrine advanced, the indulgence, still regarded theoretically as an equivalent for the penance enjoined by the confessor, assumed the character of a means of liberation from sin as well as from its penalty, and the satisfaction which atoned for that penalty was superseded, at any rate in popular thought, by release from the penalty itself" (p. 695). It is very significant that in the bibliography belonging to this chapter there is no mention of by far the most important work upon indulgences which has appeared since the days of Morinus and Arnort. We refer, of course, to the three volumes of Dr. Nikolaus Paulus, *Geschichte des Ablasses im Mittelalter*, Paderborn, 1923. It is regrettable that while a number of books are cited of no historical value, this scholarly treatise has been overlooked which is founded throughout upon a first-hand and most painstaking study of the sources. We may add that, in connection with the other dogmatic matters referred to, little effort seems to have been made to ascertain the Catholic point of view as expounded in works of authority.

There is again a great deal of contestable matter in the chapter on ecclesiastical organization and in that on heresies and the Inquisition; also it seems to us that justice has hardly been done to Pope Innocent III. and the wonderful work effected by him in restoring order and peace. Dr. A. G. Little has written with sympathy and insight upon the work of the Friars, and the late Dean Rashdall is of course thoroughly at home in the account he has given of the mediæval universities. Neither must we omit a word of appreciation for the chapters contributed by Prof. Powicke who deals with a critical period as it affected domestic politics on both sides of the English Channel. The little portfolio of maps and the list of corrigenda in previous volumes which we have now grown to look upon as a matter of course are especially valuable features in an undertaking creditable alike to the University and the Press which produces it.

## 2—DOM COLUMBA MARMION<sup>1</sup>

FEW spiritual writers of this century have had such a marked success as Dom Columba Marmion of Maredsous. That success is noteworthy for three reasons: first, that it was the same in

<sup>1</sup> *Un Maître de la Vie Spirituelle: Dom Columba Marmion, Abbé de Maredsous (1858—1923).* Par Dom Raymond Thibaut. Paris: Desclée. Pp. xi. 555. Price, 15.00 fr.

French-speaking and in English-speaking countries ; second, that it was found both among layfolk, and among priests and religious ; third, that it was secured in spite of the fact that Dom Columba wrote the most sublime spirituality. No one who has studied " Christ the Life of the Soul," or " Christ in His Mysteries," or " Christ the Ideal of the Monk," or " Sponsa Verbi," will say that any of these works is what is generally called popular ; all are the fruit of serious conferences, originally delivered to religious ; all teem with dogmatic and mystical theology ; the use of scripture through them all is sometimes almost bewildering, reminding us of no one more than of St. Bernard. They are written with no attempt to captivate the reader, or even to catch his attention ; on the contrary we now know that at first they were scarcely intended for publication, they were little more than elaborated notes, written for the most part by another hand. For in spite of his long sojourn in Belgium the Irishman Dom Columba was never quite at home with the French language, at all events on paper ; even his correspondence contained many a mistake.

We feel sure that if any reader of his works were asked what he thought to be the secret of this success, he would at once reply that it was that sense of spontaneity which rings through every page that Dom Columba has written. He may at times be difficult ; his thought may often lack order and clarity ; but these very obstacles only bring out the more the essential outspoken simplicity of the man. He treats of subjects the most sublime, very often indeed bordering on the highest mysticism ; yet never once do we get the least impression either that he is writing as a scholar expounding a thesis, or that he is making a book. In this he differs even from St. Teresa or St. John of the Cross ; for they expressly wrote their works with a view to the teaching of others, whilst Dom Columba seems to write for the sheer need of expressing his own soul and mind. Almost what he says comes to us as a reverie or a soliloquy. He sees what he states, he feels the truth of what he writes ; he might have taken for the text summing up all his writing those words of St. John : " That which we have seen and have heard, we declare unto you : that you also may have fellowship with us, and our fellowship may be with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ " (1 John 1, 3). For the text expresses not only Dom Columba's method ; it expresses also his subject-matter, and the one aim he had in view.

It was therefore to be expected that ever since his untimely death in 1923 his admirers have been looking for some biography which would tell them of the inner soul of the man whom they had learnt to revere. They felt that they knew him already—this transparent spiritual guide who spoke from his heart and hid nothing ; they were anxious to compare their impression with the fact, that the lessons they had learnt from the teacher's words might be con-

firmed by the example of the teacher himself. Precisely this is what the *Life*, as Dom Raymond Thibaut has written it, does for us. In a true sense it seems to contain nothing new; we seem to recognize in every page the Dom Columba whom we have always pictured to ourselves; though the work teems with quoted passages, from his letters, from his private notes, from other unpublished sources written at different periods of his life, still all have the same consistent teaching, even the same way of putting it, so that the reader often imagines he is reading something he has read before. The secret of Dom Columba's appeal to readers of every class lies precisely in this that he has written, not only what he has himself learnt and known, but what he has lived and been.

### 3—FILLION'S LIFE OF CHRIST. VOL. III.<sup>1</sup>

THE third volume of the English translation of Fillion's *Life of Christ* includes the period after the Transfiguration to the end. The same diligent care has been taken in this volume as in the other two to reproduce exactly all the author's notes and references, as well as to express in the text all the comments, criticisms, and apologetic arguments with which the original abounds. Once more, therefore, we have to say what we said when noticing the former volumes, that no fuller or more complete work on the *Life of Christ* has ever been written; in Fillion's work we have a veritable encyclopædia, written by one who has given a lifetime to the study; and when we compare the bulk of the final edition with the first tiny one which appeared more than thirty years ago, we cannot but be impressed by the painstaking labour and exactness which have gone to the making of this book.

Perhaps more than in the other volumes the conservative caution of Fillion is manifest. In accepting the three year theory for the length of the Public Life, he has a gap of a year which he makes no attempt to fill, and which he dismisses with little more than a line; so summarily, indeed, that there remains the suspicion that the author's opinion on the point is by no means decided. The long series of discourses in Luke (ix. 51—xviii. 14) he accepts as belonging to one and the same period, contrary to the opinion now, we believe, commonly held. He accepts Luke's introduction of this portion as a proof that Our Lord, from the Transfiguration, literally began a steady march towards Jerusalem; he recognizes that this view seems to clash with the account of two visits to Jerusalem given by St. John, with retire-

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Christ.* A historical, critical, and apologetic exposition. By the Very Rev. L. C. Fillion, S.S. Translated by the Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D. Vol. III. London: Herder. Pp. 722. Price, 16s.

ment after each, but passes the difficulty by. We give these instances out of many to show how much we must expect from Fillion's work. It seldom attempts to be final where there is an open question; sometimes, as in the case of the Good Samaritan (p. 34. note), in order to avoid a difficulty an explanation is so trivial that it would have been better omitted.

When we say this we wish in no way to depreciate the work before us; we say it merely that the student or reader of Fillion may know what to expect, and may not be disappointed by looking for what is not there. Fillion was a great compiler, and an accurate scholar in that sense; in facing the rationalist schools with his pile of learning he has done invaluable work. But he had neither the acuteness of mind of a Grandmaison, nor, as it seems to us, the power of seeing things as a whole, such as we find in one like Tischendorf. He supplements such minds with information which they may use; he is a toiler where others may reap; withal he writes with a reverence and living faith which throw light on many an episode that to another might seem very dark indeed.

The division of this third volume is not without significance. Out of some 624 pages, excluding the Appendices which discuss special points, 230 pages are chiefly concerned with the discourses in St. Luke and St. John, 200 more are occupied with the scenes in the Temple during the first three days of Holy Week. The Passion takes little more than a hundred pages, all from the Resurrection to the Ascension, both included, only forty. This alone will help the student to understand the author's aim; his work, as the title-page declares, is "historical, critical, and apologetic," and as such it is invaluable.

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#### 4—THE CALVERT SERIES<sup>1</sup>

OUR readers will remember that the Calvert Associates, a corporation of American Catholic laymen, projected some years ago a series of monographs, illustrative of the attitude of the Catholic Church towards various developments of human life and endeavour. These little volumes, under the general editorship of Mr. Belloc, have appeared continuously though at irregular intervals, until there are now thirteen available, invaluable estimates of the varied influence of the Church on the world. The most recently arrived, mentioned below, yield to none of their predecessors in interest and importance, and each has for author

<sup>1</sup> *The Catholic Church and Current Literature*, by George N. Shuster; *The Catholic Church and Art*, by Ralph Adams Cram; and *The Catholic Church and the Destitute*, by John O'Grady. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. 104, 121, 140, respectively. Price, 4s. each.

a writer who has already proved his mastery of his subject. We welcomed Mr. George Shuster's "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature," in these pages more than seven years ago, and the author now brings an even more matured judgment to discuss what Catholics, the world over, are doing to-day to create literature and why, with their inestimable advantages,—their knowledge of revelation, the traditions they inherit,—they do not do more. Mr. Shuster's knowledge of contemporary French and German critical literature is evident on every page. In the second volume enumerated, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, an architect of distinction, who has written extensively of his own and kindred subjects, both in published books and in periodicals, gives a necessarily compressed survey of an immense subject—the creative influence of the Church in every branch of art,—which is none the less lucid and informative. He insists upon the absolute character of beauty, in opposition to the modern perversity that tolerates, and pretends to admire Epstein and the Cubists, jazz music, *vers libre* and freaks of ecclesiastical architecture. He shows that the Puritan spirit is not only devoid of inspiration but is essentially destructive of beauty; as its iconoclastic history shows. The fact that this book has no table of contents and no index, whereas the others have both, argues a certain carelessness in those responsible and spoils the symmetry of the series.

The third booklet before us is also the work of an expert in the subject. Mr. John O'Grady, in his larger "Introduction to Social Work," has already discussed the place always held by the Church in regard to the helpless indigent: the place assigned to her by her Founder when He prescribed to His followers the Corporal Works of Mercy. Only in the principles of Christianity, rightly understood and practised, can be found the solution of our social evils. What the Church has done in the past, what she is doing now, and the right lines of social development, are clearly sketched in this singularly complete little volume, to which Mr. Belloc contributes the most significant of his prefaces, though all make stimulating reading.

#### 5—"EXCELLENT IN PARTS"!

WITH the appearance of this second volume Dr. Tennant completes his vindication of God and Christianity from a philosophical standpoint. The writing and argument show the same virtues and vices as were so conspicuous in the first. No one can refuse to compliment Dr. Tennant on the massiveness of his erudition and vigour of his thinking. If only he had been less indebted to a bad philosophical tradition and had shown sufficient wisdom

<sup>1</sup> *Philosophical Theology*. By F. R. Tennant. Vol. II. Cambridge University Press. Pp. 272. Price, 15s. 1930.

to read with sympathy some thinkers greater than himself, his contribution to natural theology might easily have become a standard work. As it is, with the best will in the world, it is impossible to describe the book as a success. There are passages which contain excellent reasoning and criticism, and he is at his best when he throws down the gauntlet to science and to his Cambridge friends. He is familiar with all that can be said for and against the scientific outlook and his analysis of its limitations is very valuable. There is much, too, that is well worth saying in his proof of the existence of God from design, though here unfortunately his theory of knowledge interferes to mar the argument, and his objection to "unconscious purpose" rests on a misunderstanding.

The value of his conclusions can be best judged by quotation. His argument, he says, reaches the view that "the world-ground is an intelligent and purposive spirit. This argument has already needed to be contrasted with others whose premises, inferential procedure and criteria of satisfactoriness are different; and reasons have been given for asserting that the world-ground, reasonable belief in which is evoked by empirically conducted inquiry, cannot be described in terms of static concepts such as completedness, perfection, infinitude, immutability or timelessness, in the unqualified forms in which they have been cherished by abstractive speculation, or have been used in dialectic operation on thoughts and unsifted word-meanings." The sneer in these words is, I fear, typical; typical also is the quite untrue suggestion that those who held the perfection of God did not argue empirically. It should be noticed that God's existence, in Dr. Tennant's view, is not a truth but a strongly probable belief. "The world," again, "is coeval with God (so known) and is contingent on this determinate nature, inclusive of will." "Determinate," in his use of the word, implies limitations, and, when he calls the world "contingent," he does not mean by that that we have the right to think of God as possessed of the power to create other worlds or live apart from this world. Of Christ he writes as follows. "Theism may disown knowledge as to his being of one substance with the Father or God manifest in the flesh.... Christ possessed in the fullest measure insight into the divine purpose in the world and for man and consequently into the divine nature, which God would have mankind acquire."

Such conclusions about God and Christ seem to be a defence of something no Christian would want to hold; and the reason for such "lame and impotent conclusions" is that Dr. Tennant begins and ends with an erroneous theory of knowledge and fails to appreciate the strength of a more traditional philosophy. He is surprisingly at fault sometimes despite his learning. He quotes Aristotle but seems to be unaware of the meaning of his principles.

He criticizes for instance "the predilection for changelessness, evident in the ancient conception of God . . ." as perhaps having "its source in the physiological fact, with its psychological consequences, that our limbs and brains become weary through exercise,"—and this after all that Aristotle has written about "unchanging *energeia*!" He refers to St. Augustine's supposed doctrine that "eternity preceded time," and of a "continuous re-creation of the world at each successive moment." Such a travesty is unpardonable, but worse is to come. The "simplest possible conception of the Incarnation" which "is asserted by ecclesiastical theology" is, he says, "that which would be presented in the statement that, in Christ, God Himself replaced the human soul which is the dominant monad in an ordinary human self, and the perduring subject and synthesizing agent in a man's mental life"; and he gives as an alternative this caricature: "Christ possessed a human nature, in that the body was associated with a human soul, as well as a divine nature, in that God functioned as an additional subject associated with that body." He then goes on to remark that "the phenomena of dual personality and of co-consciousness are irrelevant"!

These are very bad blunders. Almost as inexcusable is his comment on St. Thomas's view of the infinity of God. "Pure being, he [i.e., St. Thomas] says, is the emptiest and most comprehensive of all forms; yet this empty form or abstraction is said to be the most perfect of all 'things' (1.q.4.) because 'actuating' all things." On the contrary, Dr. Tennant does not know what "act" means and he is ignorant of the elementary distinction between *ens communissimum* and *ens realissimum*. Idealists also may complain that he does not do their arguments justice. Dr. Tennant has in mind generally the late Dr. McTaggart and Kant seen through the eyes of James Ward. I do not think the latter gave the quietus to Kant, and McTaggart, if the most modern, is not the most invulnerable of the school. But be that as it may, there is much left over in this volume which it is a pleasure to praise. When a part is so good, what a pity that the whole fails for causes which might have been avoided.

M. D'A.

#### 6—THE MEANING OF VALUE<sup>1</sup>

A VAST deal of modern philosophical writing has been devoted to the elucidation of the term "Value." This concept has seemed to many to provide the only possible escape from Materialism or Naturalism. Tied up by the current prejudice against

<sup>1</sup> *The Philosophy of Value, an Essay in Constructive Criticism.* By Leo Richard Ward, C.S.C., University of Notre Dame. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. 263. Price, 7s. 6d.

realistic metaphysics—a prejudice originating mainly in the Kantian critique of human reason,—the modern philosopher (again in this following the Kantian example), endeavours to find in this concept a kind of back-door entrance into the region of things spiritual and eternal. Unfortunately, the process is complicated by the artificial exigences of positivistic psychology. Only as actual experience, can Value be realized or conceived. Its very essence, in fact, is experience; so, with almost complete unanimity, the modern exponents of Value-philosophy, proclaim. All values, religious, aesthetic, moral, are constituted by being thought of. To a logical mind, this would suggest that there can be no Science of Values: *de valoribus non disputandum*. They tell us nothing of the universe outside of Man. They constitute an interesting chapter of descriptive Psychology—nothing more.

Such is the position in which the more modern schools find themselves on this question. Are Values, regarded as experience, a means of apprehending something beyond ourselves? Have we, through them, direct contact with supra-temporal reality? The question is thus, in the last resort, logical and metaphysical, not merely psychological; and it is more than doubtful therefore, whether on their own principles, contemporary philosophers are qualified to handle it.

Father Ward, in the volume before us, has attempted the very necessary task of analysing the dicta of recent writers on the question of Value. He has produced a work of admirable method and exemplary industry. He shows himself thoroughly at home in the whole literature of Value-Philosophy, especially English and American. The extent of this literature is indicated by the twenty-five pages of careful bibliography appended. He is further equipped with a very adequate knowledge of Thomistic philosophy; a fact which makes his criticism truly (as described on the title-page), "constructive." Withal, he possesses a lucid and easy style, salted with a quiet humour. On the whole, a book well worth reading.

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### SHORT NOTICES.

#### BIBLICAL.

WE have often before had occasion to congratulate and to thank our Catholic brethren in America for the numerous translations they give us of important books written in various languages for the greater glory of God. The ease with which these books pass from one country to another without any need of alteration is in itself a living witness to the unity and the universality of the Church. An excellent example of this we have in *The History of the Passion, Death, and Glorification of Our Saviour Jesus Christ*, described as An Exegetical Commentary, by

the Rev. J. E. Belser, D.D., freely adapted into English by the Rev. F. A. Marks, and produced by a well-known editor, Mr. Arthur Preuss (Herder: 15s.). It is a volume of 658 closely-printed pages, divided into three parts: I. The Events preceding the Passion. II. The History of the Passion. III. The Resurrection and the Ascension. The author has set himself the task of following Our Lord from the Raising of Lazarus, commenting on the way on every detail that occurs, adding at the end of each chapter elaborate notes on the larger questions that may have occurred. Textual criticism is abundant and thorough; the relation of the four evangelists one to another is kept carefully in view; difficulties of interpretation, especially in the great apocalyptic address, are faced and examined. We are told much that is important concerning the attitude of the Sanhedrin and the people during the whole of the tragedy, an attitude which the historian and student of the Passion must always keep prominently before him. Many of the notes, especially those on the Institution of the Holy Eucharist, show a wealth of learning and research that reaches far beyond the Passion, and gives the whole study a special value of its own. Unlike Knabenbauer, the author does not make much use of the Fathers, at least not by direct quotation or reference; on the other hand, there will be few modern questions which he has not faced. He may be considered a sequel to Knabenbauer, and a very worthy sequel. His method, too, is not unlike. The reader will not find here a book for easy reading, but he will find an abundance of information which will almost compel him to read on. The account of the crucifixion, and of all the circumstances which surrounded it, is particularly full, with abundant references, occupying some fifty pages. It will interest some of our readers to know that Dr. Belser rejects the winding-sheet of Turin, and votes emphatically for the strips of linen in which the body of Our Lord was wrapped. The Resurrection and the Forty Days are treated more briefly, but great care is given to examining the harmony. The translation has been based on the original edition of 1903, but the editor has added all important changes to be found in the edition of 1913.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL.

Whether one agrees at once or not with everything taught by Jacques Maritain, one at least need never be in doubt as to what exactly he maintains. His originality of mind, grafted upon the old Scholasticism, sometimes startles us with new deductions and concepts; but usually, when we have followed him far enough, we find ourselves assenting to all the points which he makes with an energetic emphasis not unlike the method of Mr. Belloc. But he is more difficult to follow than Mr. Belloc, because of the nature of his subject; for while Belloc revels in history, Maritain is happiest in the midst of abstract ideas. This may make **Art and Scholasticism**, with other Essays, translated by J. F. Scanlan (Sheed and Ward: 7s. 6d.), somewhat difficult reading for the ordinary untrained mind; but if he will allow Maritain to lead him he will learn new things, or rather old things made new, concerning the function of Art as that of *making*, of making beautiful and perfect, of making perfect for its own sake, the thing itself, and for itself, not an illusion

nor for the sake of something else. In this light, in later essays, Christian Art is examined, and Art in relation to Morality and Poetry; by confining each to their strict definition and function the author points the way to a revival. The translation of this book can have been no easy matter; we therefore congratulate all the more the translator for his excellent rendering.

A useful manual of Scholastic Philosophy is the *Compendium Theologiae Naturalis*, by Father Francisco Marxuach, S.J. ("Razón y Fe," Madrid: 3.50 pesetas). In so far as we have tested it, the work has many of the best qualities required in the text-book; brevity and conciseness mark both the expositions and the arguments; while the drawing-up of the book should make it as easy and simple for the student as the abstract nature of the subject allows.

#### APOLOGETIC.

To Catholics who are prone to be affected by the "bluff" of the world, by its assumption that faith is *démoté*, that science has overthrown dogma, that Catholicism is retrograde and obscurantist, we heartily commend Father Knox's book of critical essays, the purport of which is somewhat disguised by its title *Caliban in Grub Street* (Sheed and Ward: 7s. 6d. n.). For the essayist attacks the pretensions of modern thought with that simple common sense which is the prerogative of true religion, and, by the ordinary processes of logic, such as definition of terms, understanding the question at issue, keeping to the point, avoiding undistributed middles, and so forth, he "shows up"—there is no other word for it—various prominent persons who, during the past few years have been laying down the law on matters of religion in several newspaper *symposia*. We must do the pilloried ones the justice of stating that they did not volunteer to set the public right. Were it not for the enterprise of sundry editors, and, no doubt and blamelessly, the jingling of sundry guineas, they would not have posed as authorities on the subjects debated nor suggested that their private views had any special public interest. But they are all more or less public characters, belonging mainly to the literary and scientific classes, and it was to their fame that they owed the editorial invitations to write on such topics as "Where are the Dead?", "The Reality of Hell," "If I were a Preacher," and the like, so as to stimulate the circulation of the several papers and contribute to the general enlightenment. There were, indeed, a few distinguished Catholics amongst them with whom, naturally, Father Knox is not concerned except as a contrast to the rest. The critic's examination is minute: he discerns genuine reasoning and praises it when it appears; there are degrees of irrationality which he points out: wrong premises no less than false deductions are prevalent: but when all is said and done, these modern "thinkers," whose thought is so superficial and inconsequent, make a sorry show. And since this pungent analysis of what can best be described as "sloppy-mindedness" is conducted without any bitterness, indeed with a humour which is always "good," it is a valuable contribution to apologetics, showing what power a grasp of fundamental truth gives the disputant and how inexpressibly "vain" are they "in whom there is not the knowledge of God."

A month or so ago a thoughtful writer stressed in our pages the Note of Holiness as a necessary part of the nature of the Church of Christ, and consequently very conspicuous in Catholicism. Now we have Père Raoul Plus, S.J., well known to English readers by his ascetical and devotional works, writing a whole book on this essential characteristic—*Holiness in the Church* (Sands: 3s. 6d. n.)—and showing how, *de facto*, the Bride of Christ, at the present day as all through her career, has been remarkable, in the words of the Catechism, “for the eminent holiness” of many thousands of her children. The world does not let us forget the scandal of bad Catholics, but only the baser sort of bigot attributes their badness to their creed. In this volume we have an encouraging vision of the elevation of character and the wonderful effect on society produced by the Talent of Faith duly and fully employed. Père Plus even holds that modern saintliness, if less prolific in ecstasies and similar marvels, is an even more genuine absorption of the creature in the Divine will and service. There is nothing Pharisaic in Catholics claiming this Note for the Church and denying it, as a Note, to others. The essential marks of Christ’s Church are her exclusive possession.

#### DEVOTIONAL.

The fame of Charles de Foucauld continues to grow, and already there is talk of his being raised to the honours of the altar. *Meditations of a Hermit*, being selections from his spiritual writings, translated from the French by Charlotte Balfour (B.O. and W.: 6s.), allows us to learn a little more than we have learnt from other books of the inner soul of this extraordinary man. First we discover one who from the beginning of his conversion seems simply to have been absorbed in prayer. Next, in consequence of this, he has an intense realization of the presence of God, and of Our Lord’s humanity, which he endeavours to express, as others have done before him, by way of intimate conversations. There is much autobiography in these selections; in one place de Foucauld looks back on his whole life. A number of letters let us see how simply he gives away to others what he has acquired by his own research and contemplation. But the general impression of the whole book, more especially of that part which deals with the writer’s life in the Sahara, is that of a man who has found his all-in-all in Jesus Christ, and who can have no rest till he is entirely lost in Him. Ramon Lull blended with St. John of the Cross might be a sufficient key to de Foucauld as he reveals himself in his spiritual notes.

An old theme made again new is the content of *Where is thy God?*, by Father James, O.S.F.C. (Sands: 5s.). The volume contains a course of sermons which has been the basis of many retreats given by their author. But these sermons are more than points for meditation. They are also a course of ascetical theology, following to a great extent the more or less fixed order of the more modern text-books. They begin with God and Man, pass to the Incarnation, thence to the Mystical Body; after this foundation has been laid we are then given man’s place and duty. There is an excellent sermon on the Priesthood, another on the Priesthood of the Laity. The spirit of all the sermons, fifteen in all, is

vigorous and eloquent, but eloquence has not outshone the careful underlying theology.

#### PATRISTIC.

The volume called **Selections from the Commentaries and Homilies of Origen** (S.P.C.K.: 10s. net) contains translations of a hundred passages from the writings of the great Alexandrian. The translator, Dr. R. B. Tollinton, Canon of Chelmsford, deserves to be congratulated on the skilful selection of passages and on the excellent literary quality of his translation. The introductory notice, running to about forty pages, is also very well done. Keeping well on the hither side of idolatry, the translator is not ashamed to avow a generous enthusiasm for his author. Faults are admitted: "We do him no wrong when we recognize his limitations, some of them personal, some of them the conditions of his age... Yet we rarely feel that he is positively wrong [as an interpreter of Holy Scripture]. Now and again his exegesis is very strained. . . . At times he twists statements into consistency. At times he gives us a very lame theodicy. And now and again we meet a frankly impossible suggestion, and wonder that so acute an intelligence could have propounded it. But considering the bulk of his work . . . these defects meet us with surprising infrequency." We feel certain that Dr. Tollinton's selections will convince any reader of the solid profit to be derived from a study of Origen. Many of the passages open up long vistas of thought. As providing matter for illustration in sermons and retreats, this book is worth noting.

#### HISTORICAL.

Mr.—or is it now the Rev.?—W. E. Brown, whose previous essay, *The Achievement of the Middle Ages*, gave us some indication of his historical bent and ability, has pursued his researches with the like success in another volume, destined apparently to be one of a series, *Pioneers of Christendom*, to which he has given the title **Bishops** (Sands: 3s. 6d. n.). He has selected five—Ambrose, Martin, Wilfrid, Boniface, Dunstan—all Bishops and all Saints, who each had a marked influence in shaping the course of civilization in his own epoch. A great deal of study has obviously gone to these able sketches; the author is deep in his subjects and is careful to put them in their proper setting. His aim is to depict how the various ecclesiastics, who, of course, were primarily engaged in promoting the kingdom of God, incidentally, as it were, advanced the interests of the society in which they lived. English readers, for instance, will learn a good deal from the study of St. Wilfrid of the curious effect the double introduction of Christianity into this land had upon its fortunes, social and religious. We hope that the series will be continued on the same useful lines.

Father Charles Hart, B.A., the author of the well-known *Manual of Bible History*, proposes to complete the story of the Church up to date in three volumes. The first—**The Student's Church History. Vol. I.: Early Period** (B.O. and W.: 2s. 6d.)—has now been published, and it takes us from the Ascension to the beginning of the fourth century. The treatment for the most part is chronological, though the author finds it

convenient to arrange, in separate categories, the Christian writers, the development of doctrine and so forth. It is a useful, if somewhat dry, synopsis; the shadow of future examinations hanging over it. More space, we think, should have been given to the various forms of early ascetic practice, illustrated by the *Thebaid*.

#### SOCIOLOGY.

The fact that the "Eugenics Society" in England is wholly under the control of non-Catholics justifies Catholics in viewing their methods, if not also their aims, with a certain amount of suspicion. Yet, as the late Father Thomas Gerrard long ago pointed out in "The Church and Eugenics," still used in a third edition as a text-book by the Catholic Social Guild, the Church herself with her clear and fixed morality is *par excellence* a Eugenic Society, and is necessarily interested in all that makes for the betterment of the race. The Eugenical Society of Belgium, a Catholic country, which corresponds to the English body and which issues a quarterly *Revue d'Eugenique*, is in fact entirely Catholic. Accordingly, it is as a defender of true, against false, Eugenics that Father Henry Davis, S.J., Professor of Moral Theology at Heythrop, has written his brochure, *Eugenics: Aims and Methods* (B.O. and W.: 1s.). His defence is all the more weighty because of the studious moderation with which he urges it, and the fairness with which he deals with his opponents' arguments. His chapter on "The Burden of the Unfit" shows how serious the problem is and how strong the temptation to take short cuts, though they be wrong cuts, to solve it. Both birth-restriction and sterilization are shown, even by non-Catholic evidence, to be remedies ultimately more harmful than the disease.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

As a means of seeing St. Thérèse de Lisieux from another angle, Father Albert H. Dolan's book, *The Living Sisters of the Little Flower* (Sands: 2s. 6d.), will be found very useful. No writer has done so much in America for the spread of devotion to the saint as Father Dolan, and it seems only fitting that he should have been allowed so much opportunity to study her relations and friends at first hand. The chapters of the book were originally lectures delivered in various places; they retain an easy style and are full of anecdotes.

In the style of the inimitable Boswell, M. Jean Martet, secretary and friend of Georges Clemenceau, records what he calls "a spoken biography" of the great War-President—a vivid series of sketches and dialogues, detailing in lively form his hero's reminiscences of his tumultuous career, but especially of its triumphant close. In *Clemenceau: 1841—1929* (Longmans: 25s.), though he sets down long conversations, he claims to have written nothing that was not spoken. We have, therefore, a frank declaration of the old statesman's views and convictions, likes and dislikes, the publication of which must have embarrassed many of his contemporaries in France, though they are of milder interest to us here. But the "Tiger's" appreciation of Greece and its remains

are of more value, and his work during the period of the war and the first months of peace is engrossing in the extreme. The book is calculated to give a more definite picture of its subject than a fuller and more formal biography. It is excellently illustrated.

Renan's "Apologia," translated by C. B. Pitman with the title, *Recollections of my Youth* (Routledge: 12s. 6d. n.), and with an introduction by Mr. G. G. Coulton, forms a volume in the "Broadway" Series. Mr. Coulton rather unkindly calls attention to the fact that, almost at the same date in 1845, Renan quitted the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and Newman left Anglicanism for Catholicism. The one had lost, the other had found, the Pearl of Great Price. Renan tells us candidly how, in his opinion, the calamity happened: at least he sketches the outward process. Catholics who hold that faith, once wholly and adequately possessed, cannot be lost without grave moral fault, will find no hint here of that excess of mental self-sufficiency whereby Renan seems to have "reasoned" himself out of the Church, at the age of 22. For nearly fifty years he studied, wrote and published, endeavouring to sap a solemn creed with all the resources of scholarship, but succeeding only in demonstrating the futility of such endeavour. Powerful only for destruction, doing irreparable harm among the half-educated and weak-willed of his generation, he saw his influence decline even before, on his deathbed, he uttered that pitiable and sterile protestation—"I die in communion with humanity and the religion of the future." What a contrast is this demoralizing record to the work of the great Cardinal, which has enlightened and strengthened so many, and continues more and more to "edify" the Church of God.

Whilst our minds are still directed towards the events of our hundred years of Emancipation, it is very fitting that the *Life of Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, O.P.* (Longmans: 10s. 6d. n.), by Mother Francis Raphael Drane, O.P., which was first published seventy years ago, should be re-issued for modern perusal. For Mother Hallahan was one of those Religious pioneers, who by their courage and patience broke down the intense Protestant prejudice of this country and made things easier for their successors. She was a foundress and had to undergo all the trials which Providence arranges for her kind, and Mother Drane, one of her first companions, has preserved for us, not only many details of her homely common sense, but also the deep spirituality which marked her life from the beginning. The recent amalgamation of the various foundations which she set on foot, gives additional appropriateness to the present reprint.

Every saint's life is heroic, however hidden or misjudged; not otherwise does one reach the altars of God. But saints differ in their outward exhibition of heroism. M. Henri Lavedan, who writes *The Heroic Life of St. Vincent de Paul* (Sheed and Ward: 7s. 6d. n.), has certainly selected a subject whose heroism was as conspicuous as the humility that strove to hide it, and whose long career of eighty-five years was full of high romance, both secular and saintly. His Fathers of the Mission and his Sisters of Charity, labouring still with ever-increasing fruit in the vineyard of the Church, show what a prolific thing sanctity is. M. Lavedan has a vivid dramatic sense and makes the most of his

material, so that the story, without ceasing to edify, is more readable than many novels. It is adequately translated by Father Leonard, C.M.

M. Lavedan is an Academician; another Academician of even greater note, M. Henri Bordeaux, has chosen to write the life of another saint, whose heroism was as real as St. Vincent's, but much less manifest, and who was seven years older, viz., *St. Francis de Sales* (Longmans: 10s. 6d. n.). M. Bordeaux disclaims any attempt to deal with St. Francis as a saint: he wishes to discuss him as a man reacting to the circumstances of the France of his time, and to defend him from the misrepresentations of certain literary critics. He does not write a new *Life*—surely a superfluous task at this late hour—but considers the saint under various aspects: his personality, his dealings with different types of soul, his apostolate of love, his sanctifying of the "common way," which makes him emphatically the "layfolk's saint." It is superfluous to add that both in style and substance the book is worthy of M. Bordeaux.

#### HOMILETIC.

One of the chief labours of Mgr. von Keppler, late Bishop of Rottenburg, was to raise the standard of parochial preaching by teaching and example. There are few modern preachers, if any, whose sermons more repay study; though his subjects are, and usually must be, the old ones, yet his treatment is always so solid and rich that he makes them seem new and compels attention. In *The Passion* (Herder: 6s.) a number of his sermons have been collected, dealing with the Cross and the Crucifixion, and have been adapted from the German by Aug. F. Brockland. They maintain the standard of von Keppler's other sermons; we would call special attention to his fruitful treatment of the Seven Words.

Monsignor Kolbe, of Cape Town, has no need to apologize for adding yet another to the long list of volumes containing sermons for the Sundays of the Year. In *Words from the Altar* (B.O. and W.: 5s.) he gives us a series of such sermons, or sermonettes, intended to occupy only a few minutes, whose subject in each case is found in a thought common to the Epistle and Gospel of each Sunday. As we might expect from the author's known fund of learning, the sermons, short as they are, are full of illustrations and allusions, drawn from history, biography, literature, and, not seldom, from his own experience. The Table of Contents gives an exact sub-heading to each discourse.

In his five Lenten sermons, called *The Cup of Christ* (Sheed and Ward: 2s. 6d. n.), Father Martindale takes the familiar thesis that we can get to Heaven only in the way marked out, so plainly, by Christ, but, by his searching analysis of the ordinary Christian's profession—the self-confident, unreflecting, hasty "Possumus" of the ambitious apostles—he makes us realize with new clearness how much more is needed and expected from the Christian than the utterance of "Lord, Lord." By their unveiling of human weakness and pretence, and their insistence on the real source of the Christian's strength, these incisive discourses are well calculated to stimulate real and fruitful piety.

## FICTION.

A very fruitful idea is embodied in the course of an interesting piece of fiction, called **The One Fold** (B.O. and W.: 1s.), which is published anonymously. The author is seemingly convinced that more can and should be done for converts, both before and after conversion, so he describes a certain church, with a hostel and settlement attached, which is formally devoted to providing instruction in the Faith under the least formal conditions. The book is well thought out and almost overcrowded with clearly-sketched characters, but the interest is maintained to the end.

The author of **Quest** (B.O. and W.: 7s. 6d.), Miss Doreen Smith, has wisely confined herself to what she can narrate at first-hand. That, at least, is the impression her lively pages convey. She describes the experiences of an underpaid, over-worked teacher in an inferior secondary girls' school—the dull children, the mean head mistress, the "catty" staff—and how she was rescued from self-centred brooding by the friendship of an older teacher. The heroine is keenly alive to the many defects of the educational system, and, generally speaking, to the faults and follies of her neighbour and her own sex, and she expresses her views with as much point as humour. The author has not been afraid to represent her heroine as one of those chosen souls who are converted by the direct action, so to speak, of God in the Holy Eucharist; nevertheless, she has to go through the process of being instructed and suffers the emotional ups and downs that generally fall to the convert's lot. A love affair with a handsome but worthless man to whom her friend, now come into a fortune, proves more attractive, helps to rid her of her selfishness and give her a sense of real values; and we are not surprised to have our last interview with her behind the grille of that happiest of abodes (to "those who have ears to hear"), a Carmelite convent. For a psychological novel, depending for interest neither on plot nor incident, *Quest* is remarkably successful.

## NON-CATHOLIC.

We regret that some of our Anglican brethren do not see certain methods of their own in the light in which others see them. It is bad enough to appropriate a name, but to usurp a title, from no authority but their own whim, seems to us, to say the very least, a wanton breach of good manners. For more than thirteen centuries the title O.S.B. has had a special signification. It belongs by right to that noble Order which made Europe, and which to-day lives on in its legitimate successors, duly descended, duly accredited, on whom it has been conferred with a solemnity no less than that of any university degree. When then others, with no authority, give themselves this title, we cannot see in what they differ from those who falsely call themselves M.A. or M.D. Indeed, their case is worse. For a university degree is, after all, only an individual affair; he who possesses it does not claim any connection with others who have the same. But with O.S.B. it is different. To everyone, Catholic and non-Catholic, in every country in the world, it

stands for a definite tradition, a definite inheritance, one of the most ancient, and noble, and fruitful in the world. Hence, to give oneself that title seems to us not only untrue, but a wanton usurpation; it is worse than the case of the *nouveau riche*, who lines his corridors with portraits of ancestors bought from the dealers.

This may be said in general; when books are published by authors who, without any sanction, sign themselves "O.S.B." the offence is aggravated. Such a title claims for a book the respect of scholars throughout the world. In no other sense would anyone out of England read it; and even in England, Catholic or non-Catholic, except for an initiated few, its meaning is the same. It is no excuse to say that the work produced is good. That may well be. But it sails under false colours, and no one who reads such a book, not even the author, can refrain from making to himself the mental reservation, that in spite of the title assumed it is not of the tradition of the Benedictine school to which the world is indefinitely indebted, and to which it pays its respect and reverence. We have recently received an Anglican book—*Philip cometh to Andrew* (Longmans: 3s. 6d. n.)—whose author, Bernard Clements, assumes the title O.S.B. It is a collection of sermons and other essays, chiefly engaged in giving a practical application to the "Anglo-Catholic" mind. The author is a missionary in West Africa, and he writes or speaks as a missionary might; but we cannot help contrasting his exhortations, and his position, and his outlook, with those of St. Gregory, O.S.B., who sent St. Augustine, O.S.B., into England centuries ago. We wonder whether the author is one of those who look upon that mission as a "Roman" interference. If so, certainly his own status is, to say the least, peculiar. And yet he has much to say about the mystical body of Christ.

#### REFERENCE.

Rightly to appraise the *New Catholic Dictionary* (Universal Knowledge Foundation, London: 2 guineas) would require a few months' careful handling of the volume: one cannot read through such a work on end. But it is possible to give a few immediate impressions. Its scope can best be described in the language of its sub-title as "a complete work of reference on every subject in the life, belief, tradition, rites, symbolism, devotions, history, biography, laws, dioceses, missions, centres, institutions, organizations, statistics, of the Church, and her part in promoting science, art, education, social welfare, morals and civilization." It is founded very largely on the great *Catholic Encyclopædia*, which is itself a guarantee of its merits, and comprises about 10,000 articles contained in over 1,000 pages. Some 50 additional pages give extensive bibliographies and reading lists; and there are numerous illustrations, full-page and in the text. Its American origin is not unduly emphasized save perhaps by sundry omissions: the "Catholic Evidence Guild," e.g., is not mentioned among societies, nor is *The Month, Studies, Blackfriars* mentioned amongst periodicals; perhaps we cannot greatly complain since *The Commonwealth* is also left out and any mention of the Calvert Associates. Moreover, in the many articles on the Scriptures, no account

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is taken of the well-known "Westminster Version." However, notwithstanding these and similar omissions, the book is singularly complete, and no doubt the editors are looking forward to making it more so, in a second edition.

## MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

It is refreshing, when experts are discussing to the bewilderment of the simple the nature of prayer, to turn to that composed by the Supreme Master of the spiritual life as the perfect model of our speaking to God. Père Grou's treatise, *The Christian Sanctified by the Lord's Prayer* (B.O. and W.: 1s.), now first published from the original French MS., shows what heights of perfection may be reached by faithfully embodying in our lives the spirit of those seven simple petitions.

Beautifully printed and illustrated, *The Marquette Readers*, of which *The Third* (Macmillan Co.: 3s.) is before us, should add delight to the labour of learning. This volume is a tasteful mixture of Grimm and Aesop and the Golden Legend, sprinkled all over with those tuneful verses that children love.

Amidst the steady output of the C.T.S. the following pamphlets are new: *St. John the Baptist*, an illuminating study by Father Martindale; and *St. Margaret of Scotland*, by Miss Cecil Kerr, a new-comer to the Saints series long overdue. *St. Augustine*, by Father Martindale, is a reprint. Dr. Coulton has lately compared the fading personality of the sceptic, Ernest Renan, to St. Augustine, as "even more learned for his age than St. Augustine, and Augustine's equal in literary power"—how ludicrous the comparison is this thoughtful sketch will show.

From the C.T.S. of Ireland come three instructive pamphlets: *The Council of Trent*, by J. F. Scholfield, a timely account of the crowning act of the Catholic Reformation; *St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh*, by Stella M. Toole, which, while doing full justice to the Saint's character and exploits, makes no mention, we are glad to see, of the Papal "prophecies" attributed to him; and *Thy Cross and Passion*, by Evelyn L. Thomas, devout reflections on the closing scenes of Our Lord's Life.

Besides the usual fortnightly issues of *The Catholic Mind*, containing (March 8th) the "Pope's Review of the Jubilee Year," and (March 22nd) a defence of the Papacy delivered by Father Gannon in Belfast, The America Press publishes *The Death Watch of Our Saviour*, meditations on the Seven Last Words, by John Conway, S.J., and a similar set of considerations in the form of a sermon, *At Noon on Calvary*, by B. A. Fuller, S.J. Also several broadcast "apologetic" addresses—*Why Apologize* by W. I. Lonergan, *The New Morality and National Life* by J. I. Corrigan, S.J., and *What is a Catholic Attitude?* by F. P. Le Buffe, S.J.; also a pamphlet, *Christ and Mankind*, by Father M. J. Scott, S.J.

Mrs. V. L. Mathews, M.B.E., has reprinted through St. Joan's Social and Political Alliance what we take to be the substance of her courageous speech before the National Council of Women, with the title *The Woman's Movement and Birth-Control* (1d each, or 7s. for 100).

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

ALEXANDER OUSELEY, Westminster.

*A Revolution and Its Leader.* By Augusto Turati. Pp. xxxii. 20s. Price, 10s. 6d.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.

*The Life of Bishop Hedley.* By J. A. Wilson, O.S.B. Pp. xi. 387. Price, 12s. 6d. *Folia Latina.* By J. E. Lowe, M.A. Pp. viii. 69. Price, 2s. 6d. *Under the Penal Laws.* By Richard Simpson. Pp. x. 114. Price, 3s. 6d. *Philosophy of Value.* By Leo R. Ward. Pp. x. 263. Price, 7s. 6d. *Quest.* By Doreen Smith. Pp. 280. Price, 7s. 6d. *Round by Repentance Tower.* By S. Sagar. Pp. xii. 180. Price, 5s. *The Love of Our Lord.* By Abbé Huvelin. Translated by Algar Thorold. Pp. vii. 259. Price, 6s. *A Catholic Harmony of the Four Gospels.* Adapted from Père Lagrange by Rev. J. M. T. Barton, D.D. Pp. xlii. 24s. Price, 7s. 6d. *Baptism and Confirmation.* By Père Plus, S.J. Pp. vii. 156. Price, 3s. 6d. *Perfect Self-Abnegation and Perfect Love.* Translated from Canon Saudreau. Pp. 54. Price, 1s.

C.T.S., London.

*Several new pamphlets and reprints.*

DENT & SONS, London.

*Fishing Boats and Fisher Folk on the East Coast of Scotland.* Written and illustrated by P. F. Anson. Pp. xv. 294. Price, 12s. 6d. n.

FLAMMARION, Paris.

*Le Cardinal Mercier.* By G. Goyau. Pp. 202. Price, 12.00 fr. *Quels sont nos devoirs envers la cité?* By Yves de la Brière, S.J. Pp. 119. Price, 5.50 fr.

HERDER, London.

*The Passion; Sermons by Bishop v. Keppler.* Adapted by A. G. Brockland. Pp. 237. Price, 6s. n. *The History of the Passion.* By Rev. Dr. Belser. Translated by Rev. F. A. Marks. Pp. x. 668. Price, 15s. n.

HERDER, Freiburg.

*Leidengeschichte unseres Herrn Jesu Christi.* By Jacob Grönings, S.J. Pp. xii. 364. Price, 4.00 m.

KEGAN PAUL & CO., London.

*The Decline of the Medieval Church.* By A. C. Flick, Ph.D. 2 vols. Pp. xiv. 398: xiv. 543. Price, 32s.

MARI E MARIETTI, Turin.

*Commentarium in Cod. I.C. Lib. ii. De Personis.* Pt. I, Sec. 1. By Dr. G. Cocchi. 3a édit. Pp. 262. Price, 7.50 l. *De Sacramentis.* By F. M. Cipello, S.J. Pt. I, Vol. I. 2a édit. Pp. xii. 922. Price, 33.00 l.

LA REVUE D'ASCETIQUE, Toulouse.

*Etudes de Théologie Mystique.* By J. de Guibert, S.J. Pp. viii. 320. Price, 15.00 fr.

LONGMANS, London.

*Selected Works of Richard Rolle.* Transcribed by G. C. Heseltine. Pp. xxv. 245. Price, 8s. 6d. n.

SANDS & CO., London.

*Position and Prospects of the Catholic Church.* By Rev. George Stebbing, C.S.S.R. Pp. 316. Price, 5s. n. *Holiness in the Church.* By Raoul Plus, S.J. Pp. 140. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *St. Paul: Apostle of the Gentiles.* By Abbé Tricot. Pp. xii. 216. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *The Living Sisters of the Little Flower.* By A. H. Dolan, O.C.C. Pp. 163. Price, 2s. 6d. *Where is thy God?* By Father James, O.S.F. Pp. 265. Price, 5s. n.

TALBOT PRESS, Dublin.

*A Page of Irish History.* By the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Pp. x. 640. Price, 21s. n.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York.

Several 10c. and 5c. pamphlets.

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